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The Outlook

A·Family·Paper

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New York

The Outlook
A Family Paper
(New Series of The Christian Union)

The Plymouth Hymnals
Etc.

Announcement

On the first of July, 1893, The Outlook Company succeeds The Christian Union Company in the publication of this paper, and in the other enterprises now in hand. The new corporation is identical with The Christian Union Company, the only change being the new name. The Directors of The Outlook Company are: Lyman Abbott, N. T. Pulsifer, Walter H. Crittenden, Lawrence Abbott, and William B. Howland. The Officers are: Lawrence Abbott, President; William B. Howland, Vice-President and General Manager; and N. T. Pulsifer, Treasurer. The principal business of the Company will be the publication of "The Outlook: A Family Paper," which is the new series of The Christian Union. In addition to this, the Company are the publishers of the series of Plymouth Hymnals. The first of these, the "Plymouth Sunday-School Hymnal," is now ready, and the "Plymouth Hymnal" for church use is to be issued early in the autumn. The Recreation Department and The Book-Buyers' Union are other features of The Outlook Company's business.

The Outlook: A Family Paper

Editorial Staff:

Lyman Abbott, *Editor-in-Chief.*
Hamilton W. Mabie, *Associate Editor.*
R. D. Townsend.
Charles B. Spahr.
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Mrs. Lillian W. Betts,
Editor Home Department.

THE Outlook is a weekly Family newspaper. It is a running history of the year in fifty-two chapters. Its editorials, contributed articles, and departments deal with the things of to-day in the broadest and most dispassionate spirit. It means to give the record of the world's movement and progress as fully as the daily newspaper and as dispassionately and with as much interest of form and style as the monthly magazine. It will use every means to put its readers in full possession, not only of events as they happen, but of the persons behind them and of the atmosphere in which they take place. It prints on its cover at frequent intervals portraits of the leaders of thought and action. It presents every week a survey of the history of the week from many hands and based upon large special knowledge; free from parties, ecclesiastical or political; appealing to the intelligence and disregarding the prejudices of its readers; and aiming not only to convey the news, but to interpret it and to put the threads of history in the hands of its readers from week to week.

Its editorials discuss timely themes and current topics with breadth, impartiality, and vigor, having in view always the fact that society is advanced by the constructive more than by the critical spirit, and that, while the evil is to be pointed out with fearless directness, the highest results are secured by emphasizing and bringing into clearer prominence the good.

The Outlook is, therefore, distinctively constructive in its aims and spirit, and means to lay hold on all that is beneficent and progressive and do its utmost to encourage them. Signed articles from the best-equipped and most intelligent writers will discuss all manner of current topics, movements, and matters of interest in all departments of life, combining in their treatment journalistic freshness and timeliness with ample knowledge and literary skill.

The Outlook is a book-lover's and book-reader's paper, and will be so edited as to stimulate the reading of the best books. In the special department of Books and Authors it will present from week to week a survey of all books, pointing out general literary tendencies and describing significant literary movements, not from the standpoint of technical criticism, but endeavoring to discern in the art of literature not only excellence of form and beauty of style, but also the spiritual and intellectual tendencies of the age.

The department of The Religious World will deal comprehensively, broadly, and dispassionately with the religious progress and movement of the world, without reference to Church or sectarian lines, the aim being to trace and record the spiritual and religious activities of the time in all countries and in all religious bodies. Special attention will be given to reports of new methods of religious work, and the department will be made, as nearly as possible, invaluable to religious workers in all fields. The Outlook will endeavor to enrich the religious life of its readers by weekly publication of sermons of leading preachers, emphasizing the vital and spiritual rather than the dogmatic elements of religion by comment on the Sunday-School Lesson by Lyman Abbott, and exposition of the Christian Endeavor topic, and by religious articles of a thoughtful and meditative character.

The Home Department of The Outlook recognizes fully the breadth of the interests and occupations of women in this distinctively woman's age, and will discuss all matters of interest to women in religious, philanthropic, literary, artistic, public, and domestic life, endeavoring to keep in mind especially the needs of those women who, by reason of the multiplicity of domestic cares, stand in special need of a bright, intelligent, and dispassionate interpreter and reporter of the time in which we live. The children of the family, on the side of instruction and of entertainment, will be constantly kept in mind in the Young People's Department, to which stories, special articles, and other contributions will be made by those who have given the fullest thought to the needs of children.

"The Greater Glory"

The serial story with this title, begun in the issue of The Outlook for July 1, will continue for several months. It is unquestionably the strongest work of fiction published by this journal since Mrs. Helen Hunt Jackson's "Ramona" appeared in its columns. The author of "The Greater Glory," Mr. Maarten Maartens, though of Dutch birth and early training, has a remarkable command of English, and is a creative literary artist of the first order. His novels, "Joost Avelingh," "An Old Maid's Love," and "God's Fool," have received instant recognition from critics and public. Of "God's Fool" this paper said editorially, six months ago: "It deals directly, not with some phases of modern evil, but with the root and core of the whole of it, so far as it takes on social and industrial forms. Whoever reads this book aright will find in it a searching comparison of the true ideals of a Christian society with the realities of conduct in such a society." The same underlying purpose will be found in Mr. Maartens's new novel.

How to Reach Men

A notable series of articles by distinguished preachers and laymen of many denominations begins with the first issue of The Outlook for July. The articles have been written in reply to the questions, How ought the minister to preach so as to reach the hearts and lives of men? and, How ought the church to carry out its work—with what methods and forms of organization—so as to promote that spiritual life? The writers of the papers on these subjects will be selected as representative of different sections of the country and for their special experience in the problems of modern religious life and needs. Thus it is hoped to obtain the fruits of experience in church and pulpit work from men in actual service, together with suggestions of new methods. Among the contributors to this series will be the Rev. Dr. Charles L Thompson, of New York City; the Rev. Dr. Charles A. Dickinson, of Boston; the Rev. Thomas C. Hall, of Chicago; the Rev. Dr. George Dana Boardman, of Philadelphia; the Rev. Dr. W. P. Thirkeld, of Atlanta; the Rev. J. K. McLean, of Oakland, Cal.; the Rev. Thomas L. Cole, of Portland, Oregon, and others.

The New Literary Movement

Illustrated articles will be printed from time to time during the year on the Younger Literary Men at home and abroad. Special papers will be devoted to the schools of poetry and fiction developed in the last few years in England, France, Holland, and Japan. Portraits of representative writers of each country will be given. The Rev. W. E Griffis will write the articles relating to Holland and Japan; Mr Grant Richard, of the London "Review of Reviews," those relating to English poets and novelists; other writers will be announced later on It is hoped in this series to furnish an interesting view of fresh literary activities and of the intellectual tendencies of the age.

Industrial America

Mr. Charles B. Spahr, of the editorial staff of The Outlook, is now making an extended tour through the South, the West, and the Northwest, to study for The Outlook the present industrial conditions of the country. He will contribute to the paper, as a result of his investigation, a series of articles under the general title of "Industrial America" The increasing interest among all classes of people in this country in economic questions, of importance both to labor and to capital, leads the managers of The Outlook to believe that some such careful and expert study of the human interests involved is especially timely. In this series on Industrial America The Outlook will endeavor to put human and vital interests first, and it believes that in this way light may be thrown on how right theories may be applied to practical every-day life

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LAWSON VALENTINE.

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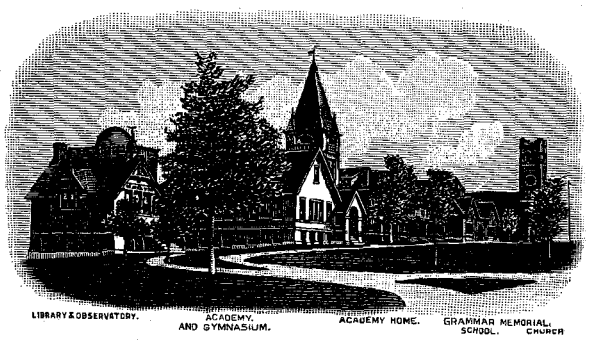

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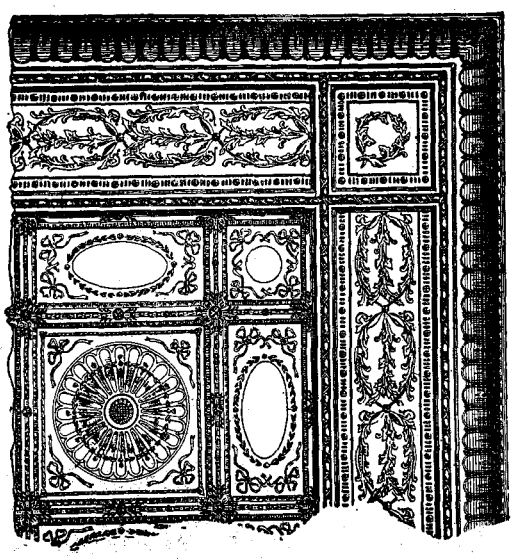

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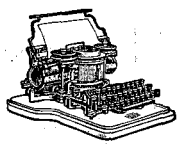

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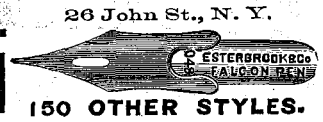

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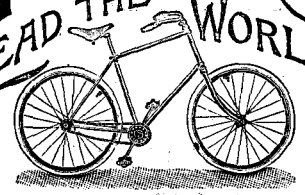

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The Outlook

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NEW SERIES OF THE CHRISTIAN UNION

Volume 48 For Week ending 8 July, 1893 Number 2

The Week

THERE is very little probability that the present Home Rule Bill will set up a Parliament in Dublin. Had there been any likelihood of this being the final measure, even Mr. Gladstone, notwithstanding his hold upon the English democracy, would not have resorted to such use of the closure as that contemplated in the resolution carried after the stormy all-night sitting on Friday last. Over and over again Lord Salisbury has stated what action his party will take with regard to the bill when it reaches the House of Lords. No attempt will be made to amend it there. The Tory majority in the House of Lords is overwhelming, and it will reject the measure with scant courtesy at the second reading stage. From the first, the Radicals have realized that this fate was in store for the bill, and hence their extreme impatience at the time which was being spent on it in committee. The proceedings on the first four clauses, especially those of the last fortnight, have made it clear that the House would be engaged on the bill for four or five months to come, and that Parliament would be compelled to sit almost without a break until Christmas, only that the Lords might have an opportunity of contemptuously rejecting the bill. As the Lords will reject it under any circumstances, a bill rapidly discussed will serve as well as one on which seven or eight months have been expended in discussing and accepting or rejecting amendments; and undoubtedly it was this feeling which led Mr. Gladstone and his colleagues of the Cabinet to make the proposals which raised last week's storm in the House of Commons. As a matter of fact, the Government was in an extremely difficult position. It was a choice of evils. It had either to adopt some means for greatly hastening the progress of the bill to the Lords, and face the drawbacks and disadvantages which almost necessarily attend that course, or go into the next general election, which now cannot be very far off, seriously handicapped by the maneuvering and strategy which have characterized the action of the Unionists in and out of Parliament since the session began. Had the discussion in committee been continued as it was carried on upon the first few clauses, there is even a doubt whether two or three months hence it might not have been necessary to abandon the bill, for it is by no means the only business which the House of Commons must discharge before the session can be terminated. In this case the whole of the session would have been wasted, and the inevitable conflict with the Lords, to which the leaders of the democracy are looking forward with great expectations, would have been postponed for another year. As it is, there will be another month or so of excitement in the House of Commons; the House of Lords will reject the bill, and then the fate of the present Parliament will be decided. There is one other point in connection with the division last week which is of some importance. Mr. Gladstone's majority on the closure resolution was thirty-two. This is ten less than his nominal majority when the bill went into committee. The reduction is due to the desertion of Sir Edward Reed and Messrs. Saunders and Bolton, and the loss of the seat at Linlithgow, formerly held by Mr. McLagan, a well-known Scotch Radical, whose unfortunate financial embarrassments resulted in his being compelled to resign his seat.

❀

The recent speech of M. Constans, mentioned in these columns last week, was of a kind to confirm the impression of that statesman's strength and courage, and is specially significant as coming from a man who is identified in the French mind with energy and force. If France has what it has sometimes called a "strong man" to-day, it is M. Constans. He dealt the Boulangist conspiracy very effective blows, and he has stood up against Socialistic disturbances with equal decision and effectiveness. Such a man would naturally incline, in the present condition of things, to an aggressive foreign policy for France, and such a policy seems to have been generally expected of M. Constans. In his speech at Toulouse, however, President Carnot's ex-Minister of the Interior took exactly the opposite course, and made a clear, frank, dispassionate plea for peace and growth. He declared that the Republic is not only established beyond all question, but is so strong as to be orderly and progressive without being despotic or arbitrary. He appealed for freedom of conscience, religious equality, proper protection of property and labor, and for such modifications as would make it easy for laborers to become property-owners. He declared that France had returned to her old position in the front rank of European nations, and that her policy must be one of peace. Quietness at home and peace abroad summed up an address which, from beginning to end, was entirely free from any aggressive note, or from that appeal to the vanity or the desire for revenge to which so many French statesmen have addressed themselves. This attitude has naturally made a strong impression in France, the "Débats" saying of it that "it is the speech of a Prime Minister," while other leading journals accept it as pointing out the policy of a consolidated and powerful Republican party which can be strong without being intolerant, and which can so guide the destinies of France as to give that country a first position among the Great Powers, while at the same time making it a guardian of the peace of Europe. What makes this speech specially significant is the fact that M. Constans is not a doctrinaire nor an academician, but a statesman of an unusually virile temper, who is naturally desirous of public position, and who would not needlessly isolate himself from the general sentiment of the country. His speech, therefore, not only shows a large conception

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of the situation on his own part, but carries with it the evidence that the French people as a whole are strongly inclined toward peace, and that, so far as France is concerned, the immense armaments which have been accumulated on all hands will be used as a police force rather than for purposes of aggression or aggrandizement.

❀

One of the most important services which President Carnot has rendered to France has been made possible by the rare charm of his manner and the tact with which he seems to be endowed. Wherever he has gone, and on all public occasions, he has supplied to the critical French eye those elements of personal good taste and dignity of bearing which ought to adorn public office. For this reason the President's tours in various parts of France have been of real public value, and very general regret is expressed that his projected tour in Brittany has been abandoned on account of the severe illness which has for some time past disqualified him for public appearances. Of the favorable result of that illness there seems now no doubt, and it is a piece of great good fortune for France that, in the coming months of political excitement, and in the present formative stage of political opinion, the head of the Government is a man who not only commands the confidence of the country, but also, in a measure, impresses its sensitive imagination. The imagination is a much more important element in public life than most men realize, and in France especially its importance is difficult to overrate. Boulanger would have had no sort of position and could have made no kind of mischief had he not, in a way, impressed himself on the imagination of a good many Frenchmen as a man of force, ideas, and brilliancy. Louis Philippe owed his dethronement largely to the fact that he ruled like a shopkeeper, and utterly failed to satisfy the French ideal of personal dignity; and nothing has done so much to destroy the Napoleonic tradition as the revelation of the incompetency and lack of force of the Third Napoleon. Whoever governs France must win its imagination as well as its heart.

❀

There were grave apprehensions last week lest the great amount of money required for the payment of July dividends and interest should produce a further stringency in the money market that might result in an acute crisis, and this apprehension would have been realized on Thursday had not a number of the leading New York banks relieved the strain of the situation by authorizing the use of more than six million dollars' worth of Clearing-House certificates. Money, which had risen to seventy-three per cent. a year, fell rapidly to six per cent., and what promised at one time to be a tremendous panic, involving all kinds of securities, was escaped by this prompt action of the banks. The financial condition may now be described as one of apprehension and uncertainty, with, however, a considerable feeling of reassurance, owing to the events of last week and to the action of the President in calling an extra session of Congress to meet on August 7. There has been no doubt of the President's feeling toward the Sherman Act from the start, and it is generally understood that an extra session would have been called in the spring had the President been certain of being able to secure a repeal of that act. Events, however, have moved rapidly, and the sentiment of the country is now apparently overwhelmingly in favor of the repeal of the Sherman Act. This is true even in the South, and, so far as can be judged, in many parts of the West, outside the silver-producing districts. The proclamation takes note of the apprehension concerning the business situation, of the loss already suffered, and of the uncertainty with regard to the future. It declares that "the present condition is largely the result of a financial policy which the executive branch of the Government finds embodied in unwise laws which must be executed until repealed by Congress." The President, therefore, calls Congress to convene on the seventh day of August, "to the end that the people may be relieved through legislation from present and impending danger and distress." The issuance of this proclamation is recognized as the first decisive step toward relieving the present situation; for, whatever views may be held regarding the settlement of the currency question, there is a general agreement of views as to the mischief wrought by the Sherman Act. In principle it was always an indefensible piece of legislation; it has undoubtedly contributed largely to the present distress, and it cannot be repealed a day too soon. The extreme depression of silver continues, and is producing widespread disaster in the silver-producing sections of the country. Many of the mines of Colorado, Nevada, and Idaho have already closed, and others are preparing to shut down, while the smelters have agreed not to continue the smelting of silver. This is the immediate result of the stoppage of free coinage in India. That action on the part of the English Government does not, however, mean as much as it appears to at the first glance, for, while free coinage has been stopped, the Viceroy of India declares that the object is rather to prevent a further fall in exchange than to raise the price of the rupee, and for this purpose the Government has fixed a provisional rate of exchange, and the Indian Government apparently means to purchase and coin silver at a rate provisionally fixed for the present at two-thirds of the nominal value of the rupee.

❀

South Carolina began on July 1st her experiment of establishing a State monopoly over the liquor traffic. That it is an experiment is recognized on all sides. It will be watched with the keenest interest by other States, and by temperance thinkers and agitators; and its results may have much to do with shaping the future of the temperance legislation of the country. Under the provisions of the new law the bar-rooms of the State were closed absolutely on midnight of last Friday; in their place the new Dispensaries opened business on Saturday. Not all of the counties have taken advantage of the law to establish Dispensaries; the newspaper reports differ as to the number of counties that have voted for Dispensaries, some putting the number as high as nineteen (out of the thirty-four counties of the State), others as low as eleven. Several counties have established Dispensaries without regard to the requirement of the law, demanding the indorsement of a majority of the voters for that act; injunctions against the opening of these Dispensaries will be obtained, it is probable, in these counties. The opposition to the new law will develop on two lines—one that of legal questions, the other that of more or less open violation of the law. Governor Tillman is a man of great determination, and his power in the State is strong; he will use all this power to suppress the "blind tigers," as the illicit saloons are being called; and as, in great measure, his political future depends on the success of this experiment, we cannot doubt that he will do his utmost toward supporting the law. Governor Tillman estimates that the State will make a profit of half a million dollars a year in the trade, and the feature of profit to the State has been unduly emphasized in the whole discussion. The price of liquors will be very considerably advanced in

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order to bring about this hoped-for profit. The profits, whatever they may be, are to be equally divided between the State and the county, and out of the county's share one-quarter goes to the municipal government for police purposes. Charleston has refused to accept the new law, and, theoretically at least, there will henceforward be no sale of liquor in that city, the two hundred bar-rooms of which were absolutely closed Friday night. The opposition to the law has grown stronger as the time for its being put into effect has come nearer, and many of those Prohibitionists who originally supported it have now joined with the old-line Democrats in fighting against it. One feature of the change which has attracted wide attention from the papers was the very large sale of liquors in bulk which took place immediately before the law went into effect; there was, however, not as much rioting and drunkenness as it was feared might mark the date of change. Of course the Dispensaries sell only in sealed bottles, and no drinking on the premises is allowed; as the dispensers are salaried State officers and under close supervision, it is argued that their every interest is in favor of a close observance of the law.

❀

Among the many College Commencements held last week, that at Dartmouth stands out in special prominence on account of the formal inauguration of Dr. Tucker, whose peculiar fitness for the new position which he has accepted was pointed out in these columns some months ago. In the pulpit and in the professor's chair Dr. Tucker has been a teacher all his active life, and he brings to the presidency of Dartmouth College not only long experience and familiarity with academic methods, but a rare poise of character, harmony of nature, and elevation of spirit. He cannot fail to impress the students of Dartmouth with the ethical quality, which takes on the most persuasive form, not only in his words, but in his spirit and manner. The keynote of his inaugural address on the "Historic College: Its Place in the Educational System," was the element of unity. The essential characteristic of a college he declared to be homogeneity. His address appears to have illustrated along educational lines the notable thought in his Harvard Phi Beta Kappa address. In outlining his policy as President he said that it was his special aim to promote the twofold object of extending the departments and dividing the labor, and that the only limit of the application of this policy will be the limit of financial opportunity. He declared that athletics have a rightful place in the modern college, representing as they do a discipline, a culture, and an enthusiasm which are a part of college life and which form one of the elements which go to make up the training and culture of the college-bred man. Dartmouth will undoubtedly enter upon a new and progressive stage with the accession of Dr. Tucker to the presidency.

❀

The leading colleges are restoring the honorary degrees to their old place as signs of honorable distinction in the higher activities of life. The University of Chicago grants the degrees of D.D. and LL.D. only upon the fulfillment of certain prescribed conditions. The Western Reserve University announces that it will confer these two degrees hereafter only upon men of noteworthy scholarship, or who have made contributions of genuine value to science and literature. An examination of the list of men who received degrees during the present Commencement season at the different colleges brings out very few cases of criticism. In almost every case the conferring of the degree was fully justified by the achievements of the man who received it. These honorary degrees may be made of real service if they are conferred only in recognition of specific achievements. Good examples of this use of the degrees are afforded this year by the action of both Harvard and Yale in conferring upon Mr. Frederick Law Olmsted the degree of LL.D. as a recognition of the work done under his direction at the World's Fair. The beauty and artistic perfection of that work can be appreciated only by those who have seen it. It is a genuine service to the whole country, and it is fitly recognized as an intellectual achievement of a very high order. If the degrees of D.D., LL.D., and L.H.D. are conferred, as is the degree of Ph.D., only upon the completion of work specially done, or in recognition of notable achievements in any of the leading departments of activity, the colleges may constitute themselves an informal Academy for the stimulus of effort and for its recognition. The honorary degrees were saved a few years ago from the discredit into which they had fallen by the combined action of a few of the leading institutions; another step forward would give them a definite and positive value.

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According to the Springfield "Republican," the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church of Canada finds that heresy is getting into the colleges and seminaries under the fostering care of the Church, and has appointed a committee to consider how the relations of the colleges to the Church can be so changed as to secure to the Assembly greater influence over the appointment of professors. The main facts in the Campbell case were given last week in our special letter from the Canadian Assembly, written by a correspondent of conservative views. The obliquity of vision of the hierarchy is a psychological puzzle curious to contemplate. In all colleges and seminaries of learning (a few of the theological alone excepted) the teachers in every department—the natural sciences, history, literature, philology, philosophy—are teaching along evolutionary lines. There are really no exceptions of any consequence. And in every institution of learning the students are taking the law of growth as the clue to the study of life, and are following it and finding it leading them to a larger, more intelligible, and more self-consistent theory of phenomena. One would suppose that clergymen who for a quarter of a century or more have been so busy with practical work that they have had no time for original investigation, and most of them, in the absence of libraries or laboratories, no opportunity for original investigation, not to say no aptitude for it, would be modest about interfering with those who have the time, the opportunity, and the aptitude; would wait to see what the result of their discoveries may be; and if the newer learning proved fatal to the old theology, would revise the old theology. No! Instead, they set themselves to turning out of their chairs the students and teachers of modern equipment, in order that they may put in their place men who are committed against original investigation. Of course if they succeed there can be but one result—namely, to drive the students from the seminaries which are under hierarchical control to those which are independent of it, and for a time to decree a divorce between learning and the Church. It was by precisely this process that learning was driven from the Roman Catholic Church, and so completely that a modern German scholar, enumerating the labors of scholars who have contributed to our understanding of the Old Testament, declares: "I consider that I can dispense with mentioning the works of modern Catholic theologians." The Canadian General Assembly, it is to be feared, as well

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as its sister body on this side of the line, is doing what it can to secure from the scholarship of the future a similar testimony respecting the work of modern Protestant theologians.

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Lieutenant Peary sailed from New York last week on a Polar expedition which has excellent prospects of surpassing in interest and practical results that from which he returned last year. He goes in the whale-ship the Falcon to Portland, thence to St. John's, thence to Labrador, thence to Upernavik, in lower Greenland (where dogs and provisions will be taken in), and thence to Bowdoin Bay, on Whale Sound, on the northwestern coast of Greenland. The winter will be spent there. The party take a house with them ready to put together, and will supply it with many comforts, including even electric lights. Mrs. Peary again accompanies her husband, and the house at Whale Sound will be her home until the summer of 1895, when the Falcon is expected to come for the party and bring them back to the United States. The start for the far North will be made early next March. Sledges, drawn by dogs, will take Lieutenant Peary and six companions to the northeastern corner, so to speak, of Greenland—600 miles from the winter quarters. There they will separate, four going southwards and returning by way of Cape Bismarck and a western course; the others, including Mr. Peary, starting north. It is here that the really new work begins. When Mr. Peary reached the furthest point of his last expedition, he saw, from a distance, a strait of open water, with land to the north. This strait he will cross, if possible, and will spend two months in exploration of the northern coast and waters. It is quite likely that he may, in this way, strike a new "furthest north." Whether he does or not, the course he has laid out gives fine opportunities for ethnographical and geographical research, and Lieutenant Peary's note-books will doubtless be even fuller than on his previous expedition. A wide public of readers will wait for these records with keen interest, and will wish Lieutenant Peary and his party a successful journey and a safe return.

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It is possible that another wave of the cholera epidemic is starting on the usual western course from the far East. If so, it is more likely to be felt next year than this. Nearly a thousand deaths from cholera took place in Mecca on one day of last week. As is well known, the disease is frequently terribly fatal among the vast bodies of Mohammedan pilgrims who travel in crowded ships and caravans under the most wretched sanitary conditions, and who offer an only too easy medium to convey the germs of disease from one place to another. It is precisely in this way that the cholera has often been spread over Eastern countries. The process, however, is a comparatively slow one. More immediately alarming to this country is the cabled statement that cholera prevails at Catalonia in Spain, and in the island of Cephalonia. If the report is confirmed, it should call out the watchfulness of our authorities over the immigration from Naples and Marseilles. From France and Russia the reports continue to be free from menace, though neither country is absolutely free from the disease. There seems to be, on the whole, an increasing feeling of security from invasion this year by cholera on the part of American physicians and experts. It is also true that the belief is strengthening in the safeguard offered by good water and drainage systems, and by proper conditions of living generally, against any widespread extending of the pest. It is certainly true that every town and district abroad that suffered severely last year was ill sewered or provided with bad water.

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Aerial locomotion evidently has a permanent fascination, and experiments are constantly being made in the direction of devising means of making it available. M. Renard, the well-known French aeronaut, has devised a new balloon for which he makes novel claims. He aims, however, at scientific investigation rather than at locomotion. Owing to the rarefaction of the atmosphere, men cannot live more than five miles above the surface of the earth, and beyond that limit observation must be taken by automatic instruments. M. Renard believes that he has secured a cloth of extreme lightness, which, with an imponderable varnish, will be adapted to serve as an envelope for the gas used, and will be impervious to hydrogen. By the use of aluminum fittings for the instruments, which are to be put in a cradle of the lightest possible willow, he believes that these balloons can be sent up to a height of twelve miles. If these anticipations are realized, very interesting meteorological results may be expected.

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General News.—The official reports in regard to the Victoria disaster confirm the belief that the collision was due chiefly to lack of judgment on Admiral Tryon's part in attempting to execute the difficult maneuver of changing from line into double column, and at the same time reversing the direction of advance, when the two vessels which collided were too close to one another; Admiral Tryon, it is clear, might have been saved if he had been willing to desert his post; both officers and men behaved with the utmost gallantry.——The death of Anthony J. Drexel was reported by cable from Carlsbad as having taken place on Friday last. Mr. Drexel was head of the great banking house of Drexel, Morgan & Co.; was the founder of the Drexel Institute of Arts, Sciences, and Industry in Philadelphia, which was fully described some months ago in The Outlook; and was prominent in many educational and philanthropic causes.——A French gunboat has been anchored off the city of Bangkok, Siam, and, it is stated, is prepared to open fire on the city if the King of Siam does not accord the conditions demanded by France in the territorial disputes described two weeks ago in The Outlook.——The will of the late Senator Stanford leaves two and a half million dollars to Stanford University; nearly all the rest of the very large estate is left unconditionally to Mrs. Stanford.——The United States authorities have seized the steamer Haytien Republic, with five hundred Chinese on board, on the charge of attempting to violate our laws in importing Chinese contrary to the Geary Act.——The Yale-Harvard intercollegiate eight-oared boat-race was won on Friday of last week at New London by Yale, by four lengths, in twenty-five minutes one and a half seconds; the time is the poorest made for many years, but is accounted for by the adverse current and wind; the annual Harvard-Yale baseball contest was won by Harvard. ——The Kings County Grand Jury have brought in preferments commenting severely on the conduct of the Mayor and Aldermen with reference to the recent disposition of valuable railroad privileges and also with reference to the management of the Flatbush Asylum.——The demand for lower railway fares to the World's Fair continues to increase; some of the Northwestern railways have agreed on a one-fare round-trip rate, and it is greatly to be desired that other Western and Eastern roads should adopt the same policy.——Herr Ahlwardt, the "Jew-baiting" member of the German Reichstag, has been again convicted of

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libel.——Count Ferdinand de Lesseps, whose health has been failing for a long time, has suddenly become worse; his condition is serious.

The Result in Germany

The second ballots in Germany have been taken, and the strength of the parties in the next Reichstag has been determined. The Conservatives have elected 77 Deputies; Free Conservatives, 25; National Liberals, 52; Clericals, 82; Independent Clericals, 11; Social Democrats, 45; Richter or Opposition Radicals, 23; Radical Unionists, 12; Poles, 19; Anti-Semites, 17; South German Democrats, 11; Alsatians, Guelphs, Danes, and Bavarian Peasants, 23. The strong Government parties—Conservatives, Free Conservatives, and National Liberals—will return to Berlin with a total parliamentary vote of 154, or twenty-eight more than they held in the old Reichstag. The Opposition Radicals have shriveled from a party of almost sixty to a group of twenty-three. The Opposition Clericals have lost eighteen seats held by them in the last Reichstag. Of all the strong opposition parties the Social Democrats alone have gained through the dissolution. They have nine seats more than they had before the election. The Government will have a majority for the Army Bill. The nucleus of this majority will be the 154 seats held by the Conservatives, Free Conservatives, and National Liberals. The nineteen Poles and twelve Radical Unionists will increase the Government vote to 185. The Independent Clericals, Government Anti-Semites, and Government Alsatians will raise it to 200 or more. The "North German Gazette," Caprivi's newspaper organ, says that the Chancellor is sure already of 205 votes for the bill. As there are but 397 Deputies in a full House, this means a majority of at least fifteen for the Government.

The new Army Bill, which will be laid before the Reichstag very soon after its organization on July 4, has been approved by the Federal Council. It is the old bill modified in conformity with the Huene compromise, which granted an immediate increase of the peace effective by 50,000 men, and an eventual increase by some 70,000 or 75,000 men. Whether the new bill will concede the legalization of the two-year term, or leave the matter optional with the Government, as did the old bill, has not been ascertained. An important feature of the parliamentary struggle round the bill will be the effort of the Agrarians, now represented by some hundred Deputies in several parties, to force Caprivi to exchange for their votes his pledge to abandon his tariff reform policy and to restore the full duty on grain, which was lowered thirty per cent. by the customs union treaties. The event of this struggle cannot be foretold. If pushed to the wall, however, Caprivi would probably abandon to their fate the tariff reform Radicals and Social Democrats as they have abandoned him to his fate in every parliamentary emergency.

The Higher Education for Women

Thirty-two years have passed since Colonel Higginson asked and answered the question, "Ought Women to Learn the Alphabet?" In that single query lay the whole question of higher education for women: granted the lower education, the higher was bound to follow. Teach women to read, and it is too late to regulate their reading; the keys of the library may as well be put in their hands at once. If they were not to be trusted with books, if there is any department of knowledge from which they ought to be excluded, the alphabet ought to have been kept from them. Having put that into their minds, the whole field of knowledge as the exclusive possession of man is lost. In other words, there is no longer any question of higher education for women; the women have settled it for all time. Girton, Newnham, Vassar, Wellesley, Smith, Barnard, Bryn Mawr, the Harvard Annex, and the Baltimore College for Women, are not so much answers to a question as stable and organic parts of the modern educational system.

The principle of higher education, having become institutional, may be left to take care of itself; whatever modifications of method may come as the result of riper experience will in no way affect the principle. But there are still misconceptions among people at large which ought to be corrected, and one of these is the idea that only those girls should receive a college education who expect to make professional use of the superior discipline and skill which such an education develops. The remark is frequently made by fathers and mothers who are willing to give their daughters the best chance of usefulness and happiness in life: "A college education is for girls who expect to be teachers; for such girls it is admirable; but my daughter will not teach, and does not need it." The fallacy which underlies this comment is the same fallacy which underlies a good many decisions and conclusions: the fallacy that the value of a thing lies in its immediate utility. If the walk you have in mind takes you to a definite destination, where you are to do a definite piece of work, it is a good thing; if, however, it is merely to reinvigorate your body, refresh your spirit, renew your courage, bring you into harmony with nature, and open your mind to the most fruitful thoughts, it is a waste of time! "Aye, aye," says Uncle Glegg in "The Mill on the Floss," "we must look to see the good of all this schooling as your father's sunk so much money in. . . . Let's see whether you can do better than I can, as have made my fortin without it."

Now, one of the very best results of college training for women has been the immediate and notable advance of the standards of education for girls all along the line. If the colleges for women accomplished nothing else, their influence on primary and secondary education would be a sufficient justification for their establishment and maintenance.

But the training of teachers is only an incident in the work of a college; its real work is the training of women, not for specific functions, but for the supreme function of living. The individual interest in the mill often makes the owner so solicitous about the current in the sluiceway that he forgets the river. The training of a hand is a good and necessary part of education, but a hand is a very useless member if it have not behind it a clear mind and a sound body. The woman must precede the teacher, the artist, the writer; a specific force must be fed by a general force. It is true, for evident reasons, that a goodly number of college-trained women become teachers; but a larger number go into no active professional work; they return to the old-time and all-time duties and responsibilities of womanhood. The colleges are doing splendid service in equipping women for the new occupations and fresh fields which are opening to them; they are, indeed, quietly but decisively settling what has been known as "the woman question;" but their greatest service lies in the deepening and broadening of womanhood. Education is often identified with methods and systems; it is represented as something outside of and apart from the person educated; something which qualifies for specific work. All these

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things enter into education, but they do not constitute education. It is often said, both by the friends and the foes of higher education for women, that it revolutionizes the lives of women. If natural expansion is revolutionary, the statement is true; if growth and development are normal, it is false. If it is revolutionary for a seed to become a plant, and the flower of the plant to ripen into fruit, then it is revolutionary for women to advance from the alphabet to whatever mastery of knowledge they can individually secure. As a matter of fact, both are in the order of nature, and the method of nature is by evolution, not by revolution.

But education, whether for men or women, is not method, system, or special qualification. Its chief function is the enlargement and enrichment of the individual life; its chief source comes to light in the better work, the higher intelligence, the truer vision, which are parts of a broader way of looking at and dealing with things. Society does not stand in need of new aims; it stands in sore need of clearer vision of and nobler loyalty to aims already distinctly above the horizon. Society does not need new powers so much as the deepening and broadening of powers already existent. Glasgow did not need a new river to bring commerce to her wharfs; she deepened and broadened the channel of the Clyde.

A Lesson from Oxford

If men were more open both to the irony and the humor of contemporary events, they would not only be preserved from taking many false positions, but also from inflicting upon others many unjust penalties. The same year which witnesses the trial and condemnation of Professor Briggs at Washington witnesses also a very interesting and significant transaction at University College, Oxford. In that College the visitor is shown the rooms occupied by the poet Shelley at the time of his expulsion from the University. Eighty years ago, the gifted and aspiring youth, who needed, above everything else, patience, charity, and true insight into his nature and problems, was branded as an atheist and driven from the University. Last month, in the presence of a company of Oxford dignitaries, the Master of University College spoke of the expelled student as a prophet, welcomed the beautiful effigy of the poet's figure to a place of honor within the College walls, and described "the rebel of eighty years ago" as "the hero of the present century." A Freshman who writes a pamphlet on "The Necessity of Atheism," and mails it to the heads of his own and other colleges, in order that he may be confident of its coming under their eyes, raises at all times a difficult question of discipline; but the scene within the walls of University College last month ought to put us on guard against rash and inconsiderate condemnation of others, and to warn us of the futility of endeavoring to extirpate what seems to us to be error by the invocation of authority. As a matter of fact, the treatment which Shelley received from authority of all kinds only made his reaction the more intense, and it was not until he had passed beyond this kind of pressure, and the forces of antagonism had spent themselves, that he began to see things through a clear atmosphere. There is nothing which makes the rebel against any form of institution so radical as the attempt to crush what he believes to be truth by the use of authority. The way to crush him is to meet him on his own ground, and oppose falsehood by truth. It is a significant fact that when authority attempts to step in and silence teaching of any sort, at the end of half a century authority is generally skulking in the rear, and the teaching which was to be extirpated has the field. The crude ideas of the boy of eighteen have not found acceptance, but the sincerity of the boy's spirit, and the unwisdom of treating him as a criminal, are very generally recognized.

An Opportunity

Those who desired, in the interest of religious welfare, to secure the closing of the World's Fair on Sunday have failed. The Fair is to be open. What next? Shall we who believe that there are higher than material interests to be promoted by this great Exhibition sulk, like little children who are disappointed in their play? Shall we abandon all attempt to make this great concourse of the people an occasion for spiritual ministry, because the method of spiritual ministry which we at first chose we cannot carry out? Is there nothing better for us to do than to stay away from the Fair ourselves, as a kind of personal witness against the Sunday opening? or endeavor to induce as many others as possible to stay away, that the Sunday-opened Fair may, if possible, be bankrupted, or come as near bankruptcy as we can drive it? We do not believe that this method commends itself to the American sentiment or the Christian sentiment. It is the first impulse, but second thoughts are better. This is not the Christ way of acting. It is not the valiant, courageous, hopeful, manly way. The great general does not abandon the campaign because he is beaten in one battle, nor abandon the battlefield because he is beaten at one strategic point. He is full of resources, and continues, by a change of plans, even in the midst of the battle, to turn defeat into victory. The men who believe that the World's Fair should be made to contribute to the moral and spiritual well-being of America should unite to secure this end by new methods.

There is no time for consultation and the formation of new plans. Whatever is done must be done quickly; must be done, therefore, under direction. The many must follow, without questioning, a leader. Fortunately, there are three leaders, ready and admirably equipped to lead three independent but concurrent movements.

I. The World's Congress has been devised for the very purpose of making the World's Fair an occasion for promoting the higher life of America. Its motto is: "Men, not things." One part of this larger movement is the "Parliament of Religions," designed distinctively to promote the spiritual life. Of this section of the World's Congress the Rev. John Henry Barrows, D.D., is the executive head. In connection with this Parliament, not only the general claims of religion as a life of reverence and loyalty to God, not only the claims of each form of world-religion as the bearer of a distinct message, but also the peculiar merits of each Christian denomination, are to be presented. This "Parliament of Religions" will be itself a collection of spiritual exhibits, the parallel to which has not been seen in the world's history. Every man who goes to Chicago in September, when this Parliament meets, or in October, when the Evangelical Alliance meets to consider the problems of applied Christianity, or, indeed, at any time during the session of the World's Fair—for some Congress will be in session every week of the Fair—can do something to make these Congresses a success. And to make this intellectual and spiritual side of the great Fair a success will do immeasurably more to promote the interests of religious life and culture than to make the Fair itself a failure because it opens its gates on Sunday.

II. The Christian Endeavor Societies of America consti-

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tute a great spiritual force. That force has, under the direction of the Secretary, been put forth vigorously to secure a Sunday closing. Now let it be put forth with equal vigor to secure efficient Sunday services, either in or near the Fair grounds. And not that only, but efficient missionary service throughout Chicago. The Rev. F. E. Clark has returned from his trip around the world. It is to be hoped that he has brought with him a great accession of physical strength; more spiritual enthusiasm his body could not well endure. He has proved himself to be a great Captain of Industry—spiritual industry. He is a man whom any one may well be willing to work under. There is a Christian Endeavor headquarters near the grounds. Let the orders go out from the National body inviting every member of the Christian Endeavor Societies to report at those headquarters for duty while in Chicago. Let Dr. Clark, or his double, be on hand to direct the volunteers. It would be possible to organize a series of volunteer missionary bands which would take the ministry of faith and hope and love into every section of Chicago. Such a work needs great enthusiasm; but the Christian Endeavor Societies have great enthusiasm. It needs very wise guidance; but Dr. Clark has proved himself a wise guide. We propose nothing less than the organization of all the members of the Christian Endeavor Societies who go to Chicago during the next four months, into a Christian army, with Dr. Clark Commander-in-chief.

III. Dwight L. Moody has already commenced the organization of a series of religious meetings to take advantage of the opportunity which the World's Fair affords. He has the confidence of the churches and of the business men of Chicago. He knows how to organize, direct, utilize Christian enthusiasm. Let all Christians, by a spontaneous movement, elect him Bishop of Chicago for the next four months. Let every minister who means to spend a Sunday in Chicago offer his service for that Sunday to Dwight L. Moody. Let every one who can sing, or teach in a Sunday-school, or take part in an after-meeting, or contribute in any other way to a great evangelistic movement, send his name, his Chicago address, and his Chicago date to Dwight L. Moody. Give him more volunteers than he will know what to do with. Do not pester him with advice; simply offer him service.

The Fair is going to be open on Sunday—the material exhibit. Let us open something else on Sunday. Let us storm Chicago with an irresistible charge of spiritual forces, inspired by the Christian enthusiasm for humanity. The three corps commanders are waiting for volunteers—John Henry Barrows, F. E. Clark, Dwight L. Moody.

Editorial Notes

Dr. Abbott sailed for Europe on Saturday last, on the steamer Paris, and will remain in England until the first of September.

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Dr. Carroll tells us in his latest Census Report on the churches that there are over ten thousand members of the denomination which calls itself The Old Two-Seed-in-the-Spirit Predestinarian Baptists. As the spirit of reckless theological reform is now abroad, we venture to give these good people the newspaper man's advice—"Boil it down!"

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The memoir of Sir Morell Mackenzie which has just appeared was published, not only against the wishes of the famous physician's family, but, according to their statement, contrary to a distinct agreement with them. The author, Mr. Haweis, even declined to consider offers of compensation to refrain from publishing. It would seem as if among all the societies for beneficent purposes there was need of one to secure the right of individual privacy—a Society for the Prevention of Literary Cruelty to the Illustrious Dead.

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The "Mail and Express" continues the practice of printing a Bible text at the head of its editorial page. Last Thursday, when the news of the great fall in the price of silver came, it had as its nightly text: "And the King made silver in Jerusalem as stones." We suspect that the founder of the text custom would have regarded this as ill-placed facetiousness.

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No academic degree has been more fittingly conferred this year than the Doctorate of Divinity bestowed by Yale College upon the Rev. George A. Gordon, of the Old South Church, Boston, whose large and growing ability and influence, noble-mindedness and courage, are known of all men who know him, and whose power as a thinker, and therefore as a religious leader, is already widely recognized.

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Nearly every pulpit of the Established Church in England, says the London "Speaker," has for weeks rung with denunciation of the Welsh Disestablishment Bill. Often it is attacked as a deadly blow at religion. When we read the speeches of the Bishops against it, we are reminded of Oliver Wendell Holmes's remark that religion is not such an invalid as Churchmen are apt to represent.

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Among the countless collections which are going on in England for wedding presents to the Princess May are those of a shilling each from all men with the surname George, threepence from all women married in July, sixpence from all women born in May, sixpence from women between twenty-five and thirty years old, and others equally amusing. Certainly no one will feel that he or she has not had a chance to help the royal couple to a start in life.

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The agitation in Belgium against Sunday labor, especially upon Government work, has brought a most curious first fruitage. The Post-Office Department has issued a stamp at one end of which is a little flap that can be torn off or left, at the user's pleasure. Upon this portion of the stamp are printed the words: "Not to be delivered on Sunday." The opponents of the movement talk of issuing an opposition stamp with a caricature of a Postmaster-General upon it. The principle of the referendum is certainly in the air in Belgium.

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The announcement that ex-Senator Dawes has been appointed to a new lectureship in American History at Dartmouth College will give satisfaction not only to the friends of the College, but to the country at large. Mr. Dawes's rare knowledge, both personal and acquired, of the public life of the United States ought to be utilized for the public good. After so long and honorable a public service, and in the possession of so ample an experience, Mr. Dawes ought not to go into retirement. The opportunity to convey to others what he has learned for himself under such favorable conditions is one that he may well covet, and that his friends may rejoice has come to him.

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In view of the English criticism of American journalism as being too intimate and personal in its character, it is interesting to note these solemn words cabled by Mr. Edmund Yates to the New York "Tribune," in connection with a recent journey of the Queen: "The train stopped only for a few minutes at Perth, the Queen having decided to dine in her saloon between Perth and Tarbert; so dishes were placed in the carriage, and two of the servants arranged the table." It is satisfactory to know by cable that the table was arranged by two servants instead of one; but Mr. Yates made an unfortunate omission when he failed to tell us how many napkins were laid for the royal board.

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Industrial America[1]

I.—Work and Wages in Southern Towns

From a Staff Correspondent

THE traveler has been often laughed at who described the German people as sandy-haired, because his own hotel waiter answered that description. This method of investigation is not to be commended. Yet, if the present writer had questioned no one except his hotel waiter at Columbia, South Carolina, he would not have been led seriously astray as to the industrial situation in the South. "The working people up North," said this negro economist, "can have unions, but we can't have them down here. The town is too full of men that haven't got nothin' to do and 'll slip right in and take your job. . . . There are mighty few men here that get more than three or four dollars a week. Our cook, he gets seven dollars, but, la me! you couldn't drive him away with a gun. . . . I never was outside of this State, and never expect to be able to get out. I get enough to eat here in the hotel, but I can hardly ever buy anything for my wife and children except meal and bacon. I can't get ahead any at all. . . . If one of your millionaires would give fifteen or twenty of our people just fifty dollars apiece, great glory! we would be in heaven."

He was speaking of negro laborers, but had he been speaking of white laborers the picture would not have been very different. The spirit of the old South has not yet completely departed, and the white man who does manual labor feels that he "works like a nigger," and knows that he is paid like one. Particularly is this true of a conservative city like Columbia—a city that has changed so little in twenty years that, were its buildings not of wood, it might be said to be the Old South petrified. Here there is little white labor of any description. The first cotton factory is now in process of erection, and it is the outcome of Northern enterprise. Upon this building—and I saw no other building going up—negroes and whites work side by side. For this I was inclined to congratulate the city for the progressive spirit shown, but subsequent observations led me to the unwelcome conviction that the equality was not due to a high regard for negro labor, but to a low regard for white labor. In Atlanta, Georgia, where the best laborers are organized in trades-unions, it is the union white laborers who will not work side by side with the negroes. The difference between these union laborers who assert caste superiority and the non-union laborers who do not assert it is not a difference in desire, but a difference in power.

This phase of the matter I had a chance to study a little at Charlotte, North Carolina. Here is a town that is alive even according to Northern standards. Already it contains half a dozen cotton factories, all built by Charlotte capital and three of them built upon the building and loan association plan. I know of no better American example of co-operative production. One of them was built upon payments of twenty-five cents a week, another upon fifty-cent payments, and the third upon dollar payments. Each of them has been paying eight per cent. dividends and setting aside a considerable surplus every year. Yet in this town, or city (it has fourteen thousand inhabitants), belonging to the old white and poor district of North Carolina, there is just enough organization among the white laborers in the factories not to allow a single negro to be employed except as firemen (an exception that literally proves the rule). There are no trades-unions here, yet superintendent and men agreed that if a negro were set to work at the machines, every white employee would at once leave the factory. In the North the trades-unions, especially the Knights of Labor, rest upon a broad assertion of human equality. In the South we may expect them to assert inequality long before the need of all laborers standing together shall force them to recognize equality.

A few years ago the attempt was made to establish the Knights of Labor among the workingmen of Charlotte, but the employers were able to crush it out as easily as they crushed out trades-unions in the North a generation or more ago. The working people in the South are still, in the main, isolated, and unable as well as unwilling to look among themselves for leaders. Production is upon a small scale, and it is comparatively easy for any ambitious workman to become the head of an establishment. So long as this is true, the abler workmen will be constantly recruiting the ranks of the employers instead of leading the ranks of labor.

Some negroes as well as many whites have advanced in this way. One of the principal brickmakers in Charlotte is a negro. A leading cotton-factor told me that he had just given this negro a contract for a million of brick, and that a contract of two millions would have been accepted and handled with ease. This particular brickmaker had never amassed much property. He had, however, given his children an excellent education, and his son was one of the three negro physicians of the place, having all the practice he could attend to. But there were other negroes in the place who had accumulated property. One of these—the proprietor of the negro hotel—I met, and found him a man of much education and a great deal of fine ambition for his race. He asked me with some concern whether it was true, as the Southern papers kept asserting, that white laborers in the North refused to work alongside of negroes. The question was an embarrassing one, and brought home to me the fact that we at the North who deny equality of opportunities to the negro are helping those at the South who wish to keep him down.

Nevertheless, the negro is rising. I was prepared to believe it whether Southern people told me so or not. To my surprise, they did tell me so, with but few exceptions. One man told me that thirty years ago he was so positive that a negro never could be educated at all that now, when he had "seen it done," he didn't know what you couldn't make of a negro. There are a good many of the contemptuous "practical" men left, and their favorite assertion is that if you educate a negro he will not work, and will forge and steal. One of them in South Carolina assured me, with great confidence in his exactness, that "sixty per cent. of the negroes in the penitentiary were educated." State School Commissioner Mayfield indignantly denied this, and in order to test the matter I inquired at the State's prison. I found that about sixty per cent. were "educated" if by "educated" was meant able to read and write. When I asked how many of the negroes of the State could read and write, I was again told, "about sixty per cent." When I asked how many negroes they had who had been to the negro colleges, I was told that they were very rare. Indeed, as the State School Commissioner had told me, there seemed no difference between the moral effect of education on a negro and on a white. Particularly in the case of the girls was the testimony strong as to the self-respect developed by the higher education.

In the Carolinas I obtained no exact information as to the amount of property the negroes had accumulated. If my informant was talking about the progress of the negro, he generally said that a great many of them owned their own homes. If he was talking of how much taxes they paid, he was apt to say that they paid next to nothing. At Augusta, Georgia, I learned that both statements were measurably true. There were, I was told at the county Treasurer's office, nearly one-third as many negro taxpayers

[1] The series of articles of which this is the first will be prepared by Mr. Charles B. Spahr, of the editorial staff of The Outlook, who is now making an extended tour through the South, the West, and the Northwest, for the express purpose of studying for The Outlook the present industrial conditions of the country.

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as white, though, all told, the negroes were taxed upon but $785,000 of property, while the whites were taxed upon $23,000,000. At Atlanta I was told at the State Treasurer's office that the negroes paid just three per cent. of the taxes of the State. This percentage seems small; yet it may be remembered that those of us in New York City who own less than $5,000 own but four per cent. of the property in that city. If the negroes in Georgia had among them fourteen millionaires instead of fourteen millions widely distributed, they would, perhaps, have more influence upon legislation.

The wealth of the white people in the South is nearly all in the hands of those who had next to nothing before the war. Wages, it is true, are pitifully small. Carpenters told me they were getting fifteen to twenty cents an hour, when they had work, and grown men at the cotton factories are receiving 75 cents a day and the rent of a house costing $600. Yet so incapable were the old slave-owners of either working themselves or managing enterprises that the control of every sort of business has passed into the hands of those who know how to work. In some of the cities the old aristocracy of blood still rules in society and in politics; but even there the old régime is giving way before the uprising of the self-made men who represent the New South. C. B. S.

Cruelty to Children

By Philip Poindexter

There is probably no merely human institution that is above criticism, however beyond reproach its motives and purposes may be. The New York Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children, however, probably receives an undue share of criticism from the public press, without a corresponding acknowledgment of the good it is instrumental in accomplishing. Fortunately, the activity of the officers of the Society is not interfered with on account of the imputations of blame, which are made rather in the interest of sensational journalism than for the sake of personal liberty. In all probability, a great majority of those who have heard of the Society over which Mr. Elbridge T. Gerry presides, and which is as frequently spoken of as the "Gerry Society" as by its incorporated name, have an idea that the principal activity of the officers is in taking young girls and boys away from theaters where they have been acting, singing, and dancing. And, as a certain large proportion of the great majority alluded to see no very great harm in children acting in reputable theaters, the "Gerry Society" has come to be looked upon by such as these as a meddling institution that had much better find more useful work to do. As a matter of fact, the theatrical cases in which the Society has interfered do not represent nearly one-half of one per cent. of the total work of the Society. Such cases have been given an undue importance through the exaggerations of the reporters, who know that the newspaper proprietors value sensationalism beyond all else, save the money for which sensationalism can be sold. It may not be known to those who have accused the "Gerry Society" of meddling, that where there is one place of public amusement where children are protected from contamination by vicious persons, there are at least ten in which there is no safeguard whatever. Because there are men and women of blameless life on the stage, there are thoughtless and ignorant persons who believe that there is no safer or more respectable road towards happiness, fame, and competency than the path across the boards and behind the footlights of the stage. But there is scarcely a well-informed father in the city of New York who would not rather see one of his girls dead than to have her embrace a theatrical career. It does no good to argue such a question, for it is one of feeling, based upon that knowledge which every man has acquired who knows the various aspects of the curious life that is lived by nine out of ten of the men and women of the playhouses. If, therefore, the "Gerry Society" did nothing else than to prevent children who are too young to have any discretion or comprehension of evil from going on the stage, then the Society would be worthy of the hearty support of that section of the public which has a true and genuine appreciation of refinement of feeling and of cleanly living, sprung therefrom. This is no condemnation of the stage, no attack on the theater. Nor does the "Gerry Society" either condemn or attack. The law—a wise law—says that children, until they have reached a certain age—presumably an age when a child has a realizing sense of personal responsibility—shall not act or sing or dance in public. The law recognizes that employment on the stage is what the insurance people call "extra hazardous," and it is the duty of the "Gerry Society" to see that this law is enforced. But, as this is so small a proportion of the work of the Society, let us dismiss it, and see what else is done.

President Elbridge T. Gerry

Superintendent E. F. Jenkins

The Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children was established in New York in 1875, and its title is descriptive of the work that the Society has tried to do. Men and women are cruel to children more frequently, perhaps, because of the brutality to which drunkenness leads than from any other cause; but the records of the Society would tend to confirm one in the belief in inherent depravity or natural "cussedness," for there are instances of children being badly treated by fathers and mothers and guardians where all other motives were absent. Then there are many children abandoned in a great city like New York every year, and all available records are silent as to cause or motive. The abandoned children, the children of abandoned parents, the little ones who must make their own way in the world or starve—these, naturally outcasts at the beginning of their lives, would soon become criminals, without ever having had a chance to lead correct and proper lives. The philanthropy that endeavors to look after these forlorn and friendless children is one that should have the sympathy of every well-feeling man and woman in the world.

The Society now has become so well recognized an institution in New York that all children arrested for petty crimes and misdemeanors are sent to the house of the Society instead of being detained in the ordinary station-houses. Then each of these cases is investigated by an agent of the Society, so that the Society may advise the police justice as to what had best be done towards the reformation of the youthful culprit. I was in the house of the Society one Monday morning. The day before forty-one boys under sixteen—ten years was about the average—had been brought to the Society. These had been arrested on various charges—theft, gambling, begging, drunkenness. Probably there were not five boys among all of these who had any idea of the immorality of wrong-doing. "Anything is right for which you are not arrested" is about as much of a moral as these children of the street have ever been taught. They have naturally stretched this idea of right to include everything at which you are not caught. To be caught is what makes any act wrong; the fear of being caught is the only restraining deterrent. That is a nice moral equipment for the battle of life! From comfortable and respectable homes, from homes of luxury and refinement, through colleges and churches, men go into careers of crime that lead to prison. For such men we feel sorry. But how should we feel for those who have never had any chance what-

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ever to know, in any high and correct sense, right from wrong? By cruelty, which this Society tries to prevent, there are thousands of children, in every crowded community, condemned every year to a debasing ignorance that blights the very possibility of better things. If these children can be removed from the reach of such cruelty and placed where the surroundings are morally and physically healthy, then these young people have at least the chance of which they would otherwise be deprived. This is the real work of the Society, and in eighteen years 69,737 complaints have been received and investigated; 209,000 children have been held in custody; 24,581 cases have been prosecuted, with 23,947 convictions, and 36,359 children have been rescued and relieved. Those figures are eloquent of meaning. The small discrepancy between the number of prosecutions for cruelty to children and the number of convictions shows that the officers have been careful, thorough, and disinterested in their investigation of cases brought to their notice. Of course there is a grim satisfaction in knowing that the heartless wretches who have been cruel to children have been punished for their heartlessness. But how much more satisfying to know that more than thirty-six thousand have been given a chance in life by the efforts of this Society! There are, notwithstanding the efforts of this Society and other organizations that seek to ameliorate the condition of the poor and unfortunate, thousands of children in New York to-day who have no more chance to ever enjoy the blessings of civilization than the most benighted cannibal in the fastnesses of unexplored Africa. It would be well indeed if the Society could extend its work so as to look after all of these unfortunates and give to each of them the opportunity now lacking.

New York was the first State to incorporate such a society and to enact laws to protect and care for children suffering from the cruelty of their natural protectors. Since the incorporation of this Society more than three hundred similar organizations have been formed in this country and in Europe, and now all of these correspond and, when necessary, co-operate in their work. The New York Society has been fortunate in securing the active friendship of persons able to assist in a substantial way by providing means, and therefore the institution is now quite adequately housed in a new building on the corner of Fourth Avenue and Twenty-third Street, just next to the United Charities Building at the corner of Twenty-second Street. In this building, besides ample room for the officers of the Society, there are dormitories and bath-rooms for boys and girls; a kitchen, with several dining-rooms; a robing-room for boys and another for girls; and at the very top there is a kind of roof playground where marbles, tenpins, and any kind of ball may be played. It might be thought that young people detained in such a place would not feel like playing. But they do. None of them, or, if any, very few, were ever so well off in their lives. The meals are regular, the beds are warm, the clothes are comfortable. And so they are very merry. A dozen little girls, the morning I was there, were singing a marching song and marching in time to the tune; some thirty boys were making no end of a noise in their play in their room before I entered. When I opened the door they quieted down, so I went away quickly, for I did not enjoy the notion of interrupting their sports. There are also rooms for completely isolating any children with contagious or infectious diseases. There are women in charge of the floors where the children are kept, and these matrons appear to be kindly and wholesome. Because of this these departments are much pleasanter to visit than those in the lower stories, where merely men are in charge. The men—and this is particularly so in the reception-room—have in their manner a business-like brusqueness that verges so closely upon the rude that I fancy a shopkeeper would dispense with the services of any clerk or salesman who had it even in a slight degree. The men and women who go to such a place are usually in some sad trouble; for such to be treated with something very near to harshness struck me as most inappropriate and undeserved. But I have noticed that in public institutions—hospitals, reformatories, prisons, and asylums—the underlings are usually a high and mighty lot. Another thing. The person charged with preparing the record of cases for publication has been infected with the mania for picturesque realism, and he tells his sad tale in the graphic language that a fourth-rate newspaper reporter would employ when he felt that the circumstances demanded that he should do some fine writing. But these two small criticisms do not amount to much—one as to manner, the other as to taste. The great thing to remember when thinking of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children is that more than thirty-six thousand children have been given through its efforts the chance in life that otherwise they would not have had. This in New York City alone! Think, however, that there are three hundred other societies of the same kind engaged in similar work, and that all of these were, in a sense, an outgrowth of the New York Society. Surely the founders of this institution built wisely and well, and deserve the hearty co-operation and sympathetic assistance and good-will of those who would be glad to see cruelty and injustice banished from the world.

How to Reach Men

II.—Some Things New and Old

By the Rev. George D. Boardman, D.D.

I. "How ought the minister to preach so as to reach the hearts and lives of men?"

I cannot answer so well as in the words of our Chief Minister:

> Every scribe who hath been made a disciple to the kingdom of heaven is like unto a man that is a householder, who bringeth forth out of his treasure things new and old.

Let us glance at this suggestive declaration in the order of its details.

"Every scribe:" Then every minister ought to be a scribe in the true sense of the word; that is, a teacher learned in the sacred writings of both Covenants. If ever there was need of Christian seminaries of the highest grade, it is to-day. "Who hath been made a disciple:" Then every minister must be a learner. Our Master will have none for teacher who is not also a scholar. Pupilage is the only true doctorate. Discipleship is the sole key to theology. "To the kingdom of heaven:" That is, God's Messianic reign in man's soul. Every minister, then, must be trained in Messiah's principles, applications, methods, service. "Is like unto a householder:" Then every minister is charged with the administration of Christ's affairs, or economic management of his truth; he is a steward of the mysteries of God. "Who bringeth forth:" Then every minister must not only take in—he must also give out; he must dispense as well as absorb. "Out of his treasure:" Then every minister has his treasury—the treasury of Scripture, nature, observation, experience, scholarship, ability. "Things new:" Then every minister must preach new things—not new in the sense of novelty, but new in the sense of freshness. He must preach fresh interpretations, fresh applications, fresh methods, fresh ideas, fresh results. But he must beware of encouraging itching ears. "Things old:" Then every minister must preach old things—not old in the sense of antiquity, but old in the sense of primariness. He must preach old truths, old fundamentals, old obligations, old revelations. But he must refuse old wives' fables, or myths of womanish rabbins. "Things new and old:" Then every minister must preach a whole, symmetric Gospel. On the one hand, he must preach new things, and so avoid archaisms: for example, teaching Genesis without Revelation, Exodus without Acts, Leviticus without Hebrews, Deuteronomy without Romans, Numbers without Ephesians—in brief, old theology without new readjustments. On the other hand, he must preach old things, and so avoid modernisms: for example, teaching modern science without ancient scripture, current events without Bible history, recent discoveries without pristine landmarks, modern hypotheses without ancient traditions—

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in brief, optionalism without orthodoxy. But by preaching things new and old, he avoids defective, one-sided teaching, blending the nobility of progress with the stability of basis. Thus preaching, our minister will surely reach men's hearts and lives.

II. "How ought the Church to carry out its work—with what methods and forms of organization—so as to promote that spiritual life?"

Here again I cannot answer so well as in the words of our Master:

> No man putteth new wine into old skins, else the new wine will burst the skins, and the wine will be spilled, and the skins will perish: but new wine must be put into fresh skins, and both are preserved.

Homely as the parable is, it hints profound lessons.

First, there is such a thing as "new wine." In other words, we live under the law of evolution, which is but another name for God's law of progress. Accordingly, each age of the Church has had its own mission, and therefore its own method. For example (in way of rough characterization), the first age was the age of missions, the second an age of theology, the third an age of churchism, the fourth an age of scholasticism, the fifth an age of protestantism, the sixth an age of denominationalism. We are now entering on a new age—the age of unification along the practical line of the whole man, spirit and soul and body. Woe to traditionalists who fail to discern the signs of God's advancing times! There is such a thing as new wine.

Secondly, we must put the new wine into fresh skins. That is to say, Christianity being a living, ever-growing thing, we must ever keep adjusting forms to life. For example, we must adjust methods to providences—discerning the signs of the times. We must adjust dress to growth—the pinafore does not become the adolescent. We must adjust creeds to truth—the mediæval casket is too small for our modern jewels. We must adjust institutions to man—the Hebrew Sabbath is too rigid for Christian society. We must adjust organizations to the organism—no sect can comprise the Kingdom. We must adjust architecture to purpose—worship involves the service of the body as well as of the spirit. In short, we must adjust the Church to Christ, growing up in all things into him who is the head, even Christ. If we fail to do this, the wine of Christianity will be spilled, and the skins of the churches will perish. But if we do as our Master bids, adjusting form to life, method to progress, environment to evolution, both the new wine of Christianity and the skins of the churches will be preserved.

To sum up. If the ministry will constantly bring forth out of God's treasury things new and old, and if the Church will constantly put new wine into fresh skins, Christianity will ever tell "the old, old story," and therefore will ever sing "the new, new song."

Bronson Alcott's Career[1]

By the Rev. J. H. Ward

It would be hard to single out any individual in this country, since the discovery of America by Columbus, who lived a life so unique, at once so foolish and so wise, so unpractical and so serene and perfectly pure, as that which was led by Amos Bronson Alcott during more than eighty years, in the eyes of all New England and in the face of the whole country. As Byron said in his "Monody on the Death of Sheridan,"

> Nature ne'er made but one such man,
> And broke the die in molding Sheridan.

Mr. Alcott was a Connecticut boy, born November 29, in the rural town of Woolcot, in the last year of the last century, and lived until 1887 in this. He was born as a Connecticut Yankee, and had all the sins of omission and commission that this creature is supposed to indulge in during the period of youth. His father was too poor to send him to college at New Haven, and when he was old enough to be teaching school in the rural districts he went down to Virginia and the Carolinas in order to peddle Connecticut nutmegs and other notions among the slaveholders and the poor whites, and to learn good manners, and to break his shell and come into contact with the wide world. When he had served this kind of apprenticeship for several years, and was over the period of sowing his wild oats, which were principally a display of his vanity, and went no further than venial sins, he began his career as a Cheshire schoolmaster, teaching for a mere pittance, but introducing into that school such notions of health and moral probity and high character that he left an impression upon the minds of his pupils that followed them through life. Had Mr. Alcott no other claim to the gratitude of posterity, he could be called the great American schoolmaster.

It was his school-keeping that gave him a wife. The news of his reformatory ideas in conducting district schools reached the Rev. Samuel J. May, who was then the Unitarian pastor in Brooklyn, Connecticut, and whose sister Mary lent a ready ear to the news concerning this young schoolmaster who was to make her brother a visit, and whose purity and elevation of thought and exalted unworldliness completely won the heart of the young maiden, who was a scion of one of the best families of Boston. Mr. Sanborn, in this biography, which is a good deal spun out, has not erred in supplying some of the correspondence that passed while Miss May was making preparations in mind and heart to become Mrs. Alcott. It was in September, 1828, that Mr. Alcott also came in contact for the first time with his friend Emerson; and thus the two greatest influences that wrought upon his career and did most to determine its course began almost simultaneously. While Mr. Sanborn has undoubtedly gratified a right curiosity in giving one-half of the first volume to the earlier career of Mr. Alcott, it seems as if all that is really valuable in his earlier life might have been compressed into a much smaller space. In 1838 Emerson wrote thus: "Alcott is a ray of the oldest light. They say that the light of some stars that parted from the orb at the deluge of Noah has only now reached our earth." In 1861 Emerson again wrote: "Our Alcott has only just missed being a seraph. A little English finish and articulation to his potencies, and he would have compared with the greatest." It was a piece of great good fortune that Mr. Alcott exchanged Miss May's friendship for the close relation of wife, and it was a rare blessing that came to him in the friendship of Emerson. Perhaps he was the only person in North America who could have understood him rightly, who could have looked beyond the foibles which lay upon the surface, and have seen the sterling strength of the man that was behind them. Certain it is that from the year 1834, when Mr. Alcott began to attain notoriety, on to the day of his death, he knew no kinder, truer, nobler, more disinterested friend. The writer of this article well remembers the anxiety which Mr. Alcott had about what Emerson thought of him, and whether, if Emerson survived him, he would do justice to his memory. One day Mr. Alcott ventured to speak to Emerson about the matter, and he was assured that in every respect this friend would be true to the knowledge of his higher and better character. Mr. Alcott had a certain amount of vanity which was undisguised, and which often lowered one's estimate of the man because it seemed to be so much below his style of being and the great thoughts amid which his mind habitually seemed to dwell.

The first steps which led to his notoriety in New England grew out of his select school, in which he undertook to teach the pupils of some of the first families in Boston according to a rationalistic method, in which the Gospels were handled by Mr. Alcott and his youthful friends as if they were qualified to take out the highest meanings which our Lord expressed in them. Emerson never believed much in this system, but with Mr. Alcott it was one of those well-meaning hallucinations which nearly always accompanied his grand thinking, and led him into absurdities that became a matter of ridicule with the public at large.

[1] *A. Bronson Alcott: His Life and Philosophy.* By F. B. Sanborn and William T. Harris. 2 Vols. Roberts Brothers, Boston.

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There was a great idea behind the little school which Mr. Alcott kept in Masonic Temple, next door to St. Paul's Church, in Boston. The venerable Elizabeth Peabody, now almost the only survivor of the Transcendental period, was his associate in this enterprise, and she daily recorded what his pupils said and the questions that Mr. Alcott put to them. The exercises were shortly afterwards published in two volumes entitled "Conversations on the Gospels." They were criticised severely in the Boston "Advertiser," the mother of Dr. Edward Everett Hale making fun of them and starting an opposition to him which, without her intention, soon broke up his school. This reduced Mr. Alcott to a great financial strait, from which Emerson, who then resided in Concord, relieved him by liberal gifts of money and finally by domiciling him in one of his own homes at Concord. This was the beginning of the cordial intimacy between the two men, and it is in the records of their intimacy that the interest of these two volumes chiefly abides. It could not be said that Alcott was the complement of Emerson, but Emerson was the complement of Alcott. During the years from 1834 to 1840 the Transcendental movement was making steady progress in New England, and particularly around Boston, and Emerson was in the center of that movement. Margaret Fuller was its priestess, and Alcott was its wise man, its Plato, and at times its Socrates. It is impossible to go much into detail concerning the materials which are here for the first time furnished in full, because it would lead one far beyond the space that is allowed for this article; but, aside from the personal details concerning the Alcott household, the interest of this story for the rest of the memoir lies in the revelations which come from Mr. Alcott and Mr. Emerson concerning the literary and philosophical and religious ideas which were put forth by Alcott and Emerson and Margaret Fuller. Mr. Sanborn cannot be too warmly thanked for what he has here brought together in the form of new information. Unless Miss Peabody shall have left an autobiography that can be depended upon, all the information concerning this movement has now been collected and published, and the time is ripe for a work like that which a friend of the writer of this article has long been preparing, and which will be the history of the higher life of this century in New England.

It is a fascinating subject to enter upon, and for one who has been just outside of this movement, too young to have been an actor in it, and yet old enough to have been inspired by it, and educated so as to see it and understand it from a wider point of view than was taken by those who were in it, it is perhaps the most interesting subject that has been left untouched by any American writer. Mr. Alcott stood in a peculiar relation to Emerson. Emerson did not need him, but it helped Emerson to feel that God was nearer to him when Alcott was close at hand. No man whom the writer has ever known had so much of the divine in him at certain great moments as Mr. Alcott had. When he was in the right mood, as was often the case in the last years of his life, at the Concord School of Philosophy, no man in America ever said such magnificent things as he did. You find the same things in his "Table-Talk," his "Concord Days," and his "Tablets," but here you miss the wonderful presence of the man himself. His height, his unworldly air, his attitude of dignity and nobleness, his willingness to speak for the Almighty, made his words on the highest subjects more weighty, more inspiring, and more like the utterance of a divine voice than anything that has ever been known on this continent. Coleridge, when Emerson went to see him first in England, and when Carlyle paid his first pilgrimage to Highgate, was another such man, and his writings even to-day in certain portions are instinct with that divine power which he at times revealed to his fellow-men. Laugh as one may because Mr. Alcott lived on beans and onions and cabbages, and because he was so unpractical and unworldly that he could not earn his daily bread, it is impossible not to feel a thrill of satisfaction at the nobleness of the two women, his wife and his daughter Louisa, upon whom the burden of the support of the family fell in the years of their later life, and who gave up their own enjoyment in order that this grand old man, whom the one called husband and the other called father, could round out his ideas and come up to the great satisfactions of life. Few women ever realized in a career of fifty years the same nobleness and elevation and strength that were manifested in the life of Louisa Alcott, and the writer of this article well remembers a conversation with her in which the wealth of soul which she had in reserve as the spring of her affection for her father and mother were shown with an emotion and a thrill of feeling that indicated how deeply reverence and devotion to them had absorbed all the other activities of her being. That Mr. Alcott, with all his vagaries, should have had the truest affection and the highest regard of Emerson, and that he should have had the most loyal devotion of both wife and daughter—the three persons who knew him best in life—is as true a testimony to his greatness of soul as if the whole world had spoken his praises.

There is one more person who may be said to have been made by Mr. Alcott, so far as a strong and original mind can be influenced by another mind, and this is Dr. William T. Harris, who in this volume tells how Mr. Alcott came to him as a teacher and awakened his dormant philosophical powers and helped him in the studies which have already controlled and inspired his life. It has been reserved for this distinguished writer and thinker to pay a final tribute to Mr. Alcott in an analysis of his philosophy which is a closer and truer appreciation of his thinking than has ever been made by any one else. Dr. Harris had an instinct for the higher thinking, which at an early period sent him to the original authorities from whom Mr. Alcott had drawn his "Orphic Sayings," and he gives his great friend the distinction which he deserves as the foremost expounder of the Neoplatonists in New England or in America. Even Emerson was not quite up to Mr. Alcott's elevation of thought and insight. Dr. Harris says: "For a long time I was puzzled at this refusal of Mr. Emerson to recognize the greatness of Mr. Alcott's books, especially of 'Tablets,' published in 1868. For my own part, I had found all the great doctrines of Gnosticism and Neoplatonism there stated with great felicity. I had found that wonderful idea of correspondence between man and his colossal image, built by him as demiurgus: the idea celebrated by the 'Orphic poet' in 'Nature.' It contains also the Swedenborgian idea regarding the correspondence of the two sides of the dualism, spirit and matter. This was given in its germ by Alcott, and wonderfully expanded by Emerson into the best theory of æsthetics extant, next after Aristotle's 'Poetics' and Hegel's all-including 'Æsthetik,' in his essay on 'Poetry and Imagination' in 'Social Aims.'" Dr. Harris is not able to make a very clear statement of Mr. Alcott's philosophy, and it is truth to say that it was not his philosophy so much as his method of thinking up to the sources of being that attracted Dr. Harris to Mr. Alcott and caused him to be a help in his own philosophical conclusions. Persons go to Mr. Alcott, not for a system of philosophy, but for those pregnant "Orphic Sayings" which lighten up the whole universe and make one feel that "God is, and that he is the rewarder of those who diligently seek him." Dr. Harris has been the first among persons of this generation to give Mr. Alcott a fair amount of credit for his philosophical work. Neither Emerson nor Alcott nor Coleridge nor Maurice has given us a full philosophical system, but their optimism, like that of Bishop Brooks, has lifted up thousands of our fellow-men to see the truth on its positive side, and to walk in the light because it is more comforting than to walk in the darkness. It is an immense satisfaction to one who cannot see his way far ahead in philosophy or in spiritual things, and who does not believe in the old clothes with which spiritual truth is often wrapped up, to come across a man like Mr. Alcott, who is positive in his great affirmations, who dares to look God in the face with a reverent eye, and whom no fears can frighten from his audacious attempt to reach out to the immensities which are beyond him.

Mr. Sanborn is not an ideal biographer. He is not a literary artist. He paints in where others would paint out. He has given us a trustworthy account of Mr. Alcott, but

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it is not until one comes to the part written by Dr. Harris that he finds any soul in it. It is a collection of materials about Mr. Alcott, rather than a story that shows true insight into his life and a sympathy with or intelligent appreciation of his aims and plans.

The Lyceum League

By Francis Bellamy

The recent placing of our flag, for the first time, at Sandy Hook Light, which is the first spot of American land meeting the eye on shipboard, gave a National prominence to the Lyceum League of America, which led in this movement, and presented the set of monster flags to the Government.

One of the significant marks of the times is the multitude of organizations for the promotion of patriotism. Of these, perhaps none shows more practical sense and a keener appreciation of the right way to stir the thoughts and purposes of young men than the Lyceum League of America. This is a National federation of lyceums, debating societies, or congresses of young men, which are devoted to the promotion of good citizenship by means of discussion of American problems. It is a revival of the old American lyceum, which did so much, a generation or two ago, to train a race of statesmen and political leaders. It is more than this, however; these modern lyceums are constituted into an affiliated brotherhood, with a constitution and a simple but dignified ritual, both of which set forth the aim of the organization to be the cultivation of good citizenship among the young men of America, by training them to think for themselves, by making them intelligent on American issues, by impressing them with the duties of citizenship.

Not the least remarkable feature of this movement is that it was started and is now maintained and directed by a well-known journal. The "Youth's Companion," which started the School-house Flag movement some four years ago, and then originated and carried out the general public school celebration of Columbus Day last year, also undertook this present educational movement among young men, with the view of giving intelligent shape and direction to the patriotic sentiments which the other movements were awakening. Other organizations for the promotion of patriotism among young men have depended upon reading classes and drills and lectures to accomplish their end; but the originators of this movement chose debate as a practical means for arousing interest in American questions and for stimulating purposes of good citizenship. This has the advantage of making careful reading a necessity by way of preparation; while it is difficult to induce most young men to read books requiring thought, they will take to hard reading when training for a contest of intellectual agility as naturally as to physical hard work when training for a muscular struggle.

This movement was started in October, 1891, and the door was thrown open to all young men who might organize a debating society in this League. A charter was granted to each Lyceum, and an equipment consisting of various books, manuals, and other belongings essential to such organizations was supplied for a nominal sum. Within a few months over a thousand Lyceums had been chartered. The work of developing this movement has been going on steadily. One of the features of this development is that the average age of membership has been raised from that of mere lads to upwards of twenty years.

The League is now extending itself into various fields—the Church Lyceum, the School Lyceum, the Y. M. C. A. Lyceum, the Sons of Veterans Lyceum, being among its types. One of the first things which each Lyceum is encouraged to do is to gather a library of a few well-selected books bearing upon American history and statesmanship and the pressing problems of the present. Each Lyceum is also encouraged to maintain within itself a magazine circle in which such weeklies as The Outlook, the "Nation," "Public Opinion," and the "Youth's Companion;" such monthlies as the "Review of Reviews," the "North American Review," the "Forum," the "Century," the "Chautauquan," are circulated.

The Greater Glory[1]

By Maarten Maartens

Author of "God's Fool," "Joost Avelingh," "An Old Maid's Love," etc.
(Begun in The Outlook for July 1.)

CHAPTER III.

DEYNUM

On the evening which brought the Marquis to Deynum, Baron Rexelaer had been down to the village. "Good-evening, Landheer," [2] said a peasant, touching his cap.

The old Baron did not hear. He walked slowly, stooping forward, and his hands, which held a paper, were folded behind his back. He was a man nearer sixty than fifty, old-fashioned in appearance and apparel, a man of clear-cut features, which had been still further sharpened by the delicate chisel of Care.

The peasant, an old man also, turned to stare after his master with leisurely surprise. Then he shook his head lengthily as he resumed his slouching way.

The road was a long one. It came creeping down, white and thin, from the wooded hillocks against the dim horizon, and stretched itself, as one that takes possession, right across many miles of purple heath; then it broadened out, straight and hard, past the village, and curled away into nothing among the distant trees of the park.

The village lay, trim and prosperous, red-roofed and green-shuttered, in two rows, behind equal strips of narrow garden, on each side of the road. These patches of ground, though chiefly devoted to cabbages and cauliflowers, shone bright here and there in great splotches of crimson and violet. The gardens were silent. The cottages were silent. Only, occasionally, some humble figure, in white cap and print gown, would come running out from a half-open door, and hurry round to the back with a pail or a platter. On a small green, over which the church rose gaunt and bare, a little knot of urchins cowered, chatting sedately. They stumbled to their feet, in a languid manner, as the lord of the land went by, and jerked their caps in half a dozen varied postures of clumsiness.

He had not noticed them. Yet, at this point, he paused, and, slowly turning, took a deliberate survey of the village, from the windmill which stands at the entrance, like a towering sentinel, its great brown sails becalmed upon the pale-blue air, to the little low-thatched cottage, asleep at the further end, against the park inclosure—the lame cobbler's cottage, which looks, in its deep-sunk humility, as if it had pulled the roof over its eyes for shame.

It was very short and thin, this village. And around it heath and woods spread very far and wide. An ashen dullness fell slowly settling upon all things, such as follows when the shadows lengthen over the deep gold of a sunlit autumn day. A chill little wind from nowhere began flattening out the soft air.

"My village," said the old lord's thoughts; and the paper crackled between his nervous hands. All Deynum was his. It was little Deynum. To him it was neither big nor little. It was all Deynum.

Beyond the village, as has been already said, the road led away into the castle grounds. You found yourself suddenly among the tall trees, on both sides, in the half-light shaded and solemn. A moment ago you could still have seen them rising, from the flat fields all around, in a great bouquet of rounded verdure, like an offering from earth to her Maker. The park was not large, compared to many others, but its wide-spreading oaks and beeches were reckoned among the oldest in Holland. It was open to the public road, excepting for a deep, dry ditch alongside, and presently you happed upon the avenue, which, without lodge or gate or even stone of warning, stretched broad

[1] Copyright, 1893, D. Appleton & Co., New York.
[2] Lord of the Soil, equivalent to Laird.

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and stately from before your sight to a dark-brown spot in the distance—the house. The owner of the place—for as such the world still regarded him—turned gently in the direction of home. It was colder here, under the great trees. He shivered slightly.

A pretty peasant-girl, bright and healthy, with a face of "milk and blood," came tripping down a side-path. "Good-evening, Landheer," she said. But she also got no answer; she threw up her dainty nose indignantly, and repeated the words in a higher key. The old gentleman started, and colored over his thin cheeks.

"Good-even, good-even, Lise!" he said hurriedly, recalling now the words he had at first ignored. "I had not noticed you; I am sorry for it. You look prettier than ever, little maid. How goes it with the bridegroom?"

"The bridegroom is well enough, Mynheer the Baron," replied the girl, laughing. "Were his pockets as full as his cheeks, there would be no cause to delay the wedding."

"Many things would be easier, girl," said the old man, musingly, "did purses not run dry."

"But we hope, nevertheless, to trouble Father Bulbius before St. John comes round again." The girl had the privilege of her good looks, and she used it. "Perhaps your Worship will deign to dance at the wedding," she said.

"Yes, yes," the Baron gave hasty answer; "good-even, my child! Tell your father I have spoken to the bailiff. He can have that stroke of land he asked for. Good-by!" and he resumed his thoughtful walk. "Dance," he repeated; "the very word, forsooth! Other dolls will be set a-dancing[1] before that time comes round."

He struck aside—half-way down the avenue—into an alley of soaring chestnuts, broadest green, with an occasional dab of golden orange, as if an early imp of autumnal mischief had frolicked along the trees. At the further end of this alley—"the Holy Walk," they call it—hidden away in the leafy silence of the woods, sleeps a small gray chapel, ivy-covered, fern-surrounded, an almost perfect bit of early Gothic, fairly well preserved.

Its oaken door stood ajar; the old Baron pushed softly through, from the ashen calm of the park into the dusky repose of the sanctuary.

A little graystone chapel, with half a dozen stained-glass windows; a chapel of the dead, every available space upon its narrow floor and walls heaped up with monumental records in marble, metal, or wood; a Roman Catholic chapel, as shown by its ornamented altar, which bore an ivory crucifix and two vases of pale-white roses, pure and fragrant. Over the altar, amidst a blaze of color, and, furthermore, in corners and cornices, on monuments and praying-stools—or and argent upon a field of sinople, protruding one above the other from either side of the shield—the two lion's paws with uplifted swords, the Coat of the Rexelaers. And under the Coat the motto: *Ipsa glorior infamia*—I glory in my shame.

Stumbling forward in the heavy twilight, the old noble sank down reverently at the altar steps. He buried his face in his hands, which still held the crumpled paper, and his cheeks moved nervously, in the silence of his prayer. It was all very peaceful and hushed, but for a faint soughing, from time to time, in the trees. A squirrel peeped in for a moment, with bright, inquisitive eye, and then scampered away in alarm—awe-struck by the stillness.

The Baron van Rexelaer was praying for himself, in his weary middle age, for the few still near and dear to him, for the great name he bore so weakly. He was praying for the illustrious dead, his goodly heritage that none could take from him, for the old home, fast sinking away into the marsh of social ruin, for the villagers of Deynum, his children every one!

The little chapel was heavy with the petition.

From behind the plates on which their pompous dignities stand graven, the dead lords of the soil came slipping forth, in their armor and slashed doublets, in their long robes and ruffles, noiselessly crowding together, as they rapidly filled—with bended knee and head—the small space round the last scion of their line. Reinout Rexelaer sank forward to the ground, and his prayer came fast and thick:

"Oh, let it go up, my God! Blessed saints in heaven, pray for me that it go up at last!"

The "it" was the American money market.

Presently, his orisons being concluded, the Baron quitted the chapel, and climbed to a rustic seat a little beyond—on the top of a mound which we, in our pancake-like flatness, have dignified with the name of "The Mountain." You get a good view of the Castle from here. But by the time the Baron reached the spot, nothing much was distinguishable beyond a confused mass of angles and gables, a greater darkness against the dark, and, standing out above it all, still clearly visible—as it often is for miles around, whenever you get a break in the foliage—the great ball of the summit as borne by Atlas, for full three hundred years, upon his never-wearying shoulders.

A rest upon "The Mountain" formed the invariable finale of the Baron's afternoon walk. The rural postman purposely passed by it, on his way through the grounds, for of late the arrival of the evening mail had become the one important event of Mynheer van Rexelaer's long day. He sat and waited. Alas, the nights were lengthening downwards, dark and chill! Soon it would be too late to decipher anything.

No need of daylight to make out the crumpled paper lying upon his knees. He had re-read it frequently, and always angrily, within the last three days:

HIGH AND NOBLY BORN HEER: I take the liberty, acting for the High-Born[1] Heer Count Rexelaer, my client, to reopen a correspondence which your Nobleness closed a couple of years ago. Count Rexelaer's reason for wishing me to do so is that it has occurred to His High-Born Countship that circumstances may have supervened of late which might modify your views of his original offer, were he now to repeat it. His High-Born Countship therefore requests me to inform your Nobleness that he is still as willing as formerly to enter into negotiations for the purchase of the Castle and Manor of Deynum.

The letter was signed by a Hague notary, Klarens—old Klarens who did everything for the Court people in those days. It was dated October 3d.

The old Baron knew all about Count Rexelaer of the Hague. He did not believe in Count Rexelaer.

"He has heard of Borck's offer to buy the Chalk-house Farm," reflected the Baron, bitterly, for the fiftieth time. "He might have waited to hear that I shall refuse it."

And then his thoughts wandered to Lise, whose father lived at the Chalk-house Farm. He was annoyed with himself for having overlooked her salute.

"I am forfeiting my position too soon," he said, bitterly. "I must look to it. Trouble deprives a man of everything, excepting of himself."

And then the muffled tread of the postman absorbed his attention, as it came twisting up among the trees. The man stopped and slung round his bag.

"Nothing but the evening paper, Baron," he said, "and a letter for Mevrouw."

The evening paper was all the Baron wanted. He fumbled tremulously in his pockets for a box of matches he knew to be there. He could not find them. The postman lingered, uncertain how to help.

"Go," said the old man, impatiently. "Go on with your work. I mean, thank you, Jacob. Good-night."

Left in peace, he found his matches, and, bending over the wooden bench, under the whispering of the mighty trees, struck a light. He passed it rapidly down the column devoted to the day's Amsterdam Exchange.

"Down again!" he said. And then the match went out, and all was dark.

CHAPTER IV.

THE REXELAERS OF DEYNUM

There have always been Rexelaers of Deynum. There are still. You can read about them in the Annuaire de la

[1] Dutch idiom.

[1] For some mysterious reason, "High-Born," on the Continent, is a more exalted title than "High and Nobly Born."

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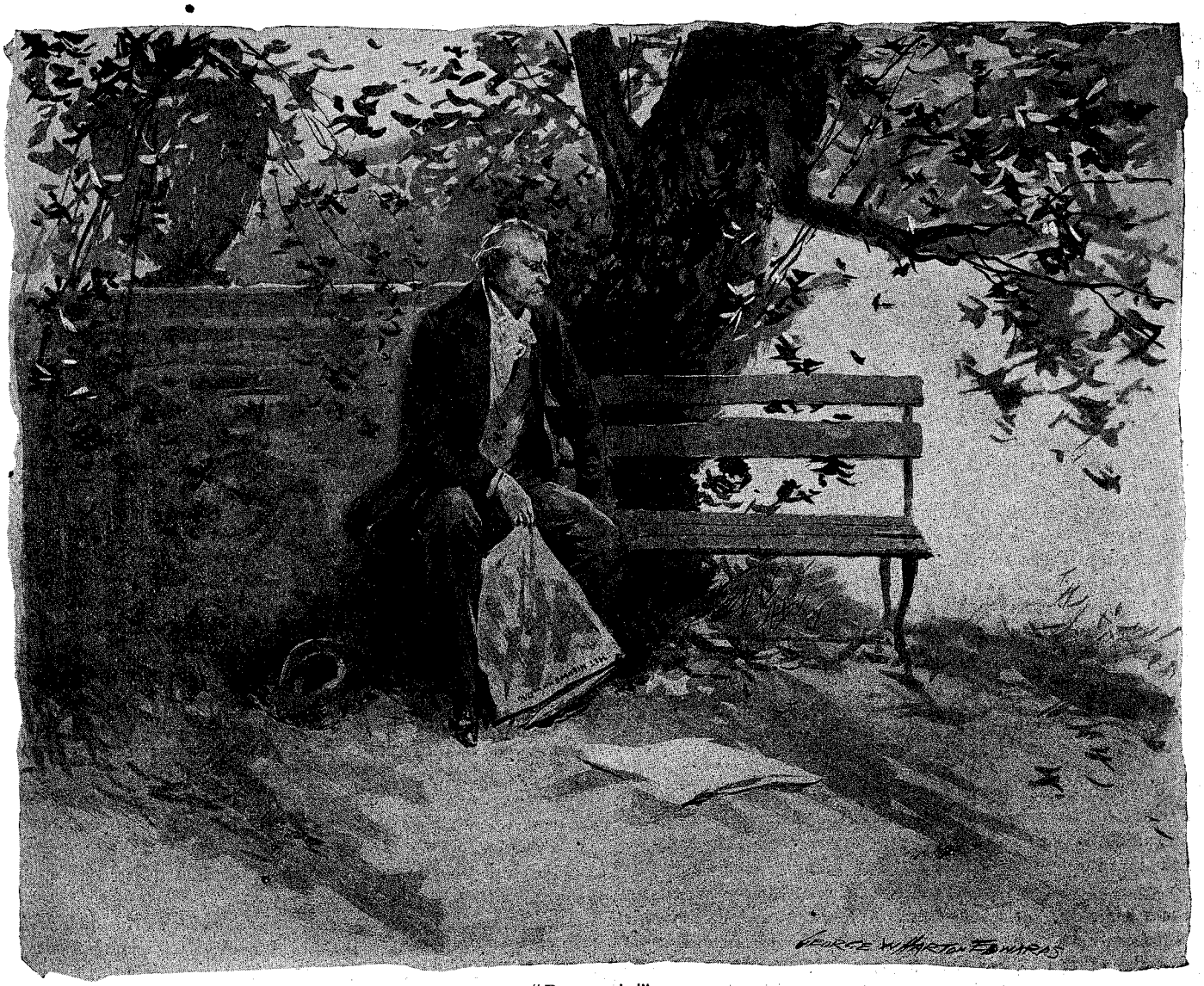

"Down again!"

Noblesse des Pays-bas. But probably you know. If you do not, you may as well lay down this book: it does not address itself to you. It is written for a set. Ours.

The Rexelaers have intermarried with some of the great Continental families, and are well known in Germany and France. In fact, they themselves are—or were—a great Continental family. For Willem van Rexelaer (grandson of the founder of the house), who remained with the Roman King Willem of Holland all through the long siege of Aix la Chapelle, was rewarded, on the day of his master's coronation, by the bestowal of the somewhat unwilling hand of the heiress of the Hohenthals, whose father and brother had fallen on the opposite side. It was this marriage which brought the fief of Hohenthal Sonnenborn into the family, making the head of the house a Count of the Holy Roman Empire, with the title of "Erlaucht." But that exalted rank fell away from them, some two and a half centuries later, when they got into trouble with the Habsburger Maximilian. There is a long correspondence in the Archives at Brussels, showing how they plotted to get it back again; and perhaps they might have succeeded, had not Anne van Rexelaer joined the Compromise of the Nobles. Good Catholic as this powerful nobleman was, he would hardly have escaped the fate of Counts Egmont and Hoorn, had he not claimed, and obtained, the protection of his mother's cousin (and his own godfather), the Great Constable of France. You may look up all that in Motley, if you care to. It is hardly worth while.

Most truly they had been an illustrious family. At the time of this story they had dwindled down to a quiet old man, his wife, and only daughter. And, shameful to relate, they were poor.

Ah, those were different times when Ruwert van Rexelaer sat enthroned in the Castle at Deynum, with thirty horses in his stables, and seventeen serving-men before his sideboard, in green and gold. And when Rovert van Rexelaer, his brother—the renegade; God forgive him! the *Protestant*—having followed, like his ancestor of Hohenthal, another Dutch William to the conquest of another kingdom, rejected, in his pride, the alien honors that monarch would have conferred upon him. "I will make you a peer of England," said William of Orange. "You shall be Baron Butterworth!" "Of William the Third's creation," replied Rovert, with low obeisance, and sank back in disgrace. He did not want a peerage. What he wanted, and had schemed for, like his ancestors, was the revival of the Roman Countship, not for himself but for the elder brother, whose doors he could never darken again. If ambition had prompted his secession—as some still think it did—it could hardly have been hope of personal aggrandizement.

The Rexelaers had stuck to the old faith. And, as far as enforced retirement goes, they had suffered for their constancy. Thereby hangs the tale of the strange motto beneath their arms. When Anne van Rexelaer's son Eduard found himself deprived of his dignities by Prince Maurice, successor to "the Silent"—for so did they still go dropping between two stools—he withdrew in high dudgeon to his castle and carved over its portal the sentence: "Ipsa glorior infamia"—"I glory in my disgrace." They left him to his glory. And the words may be seen this day where Eduard van Rexelaer placed them.

The device, therefore, like most heraldic mottoes, is comparatively modern. It seems all the more so if you accord credence to the story of the coat itself. You are asked to believe—not by me, mind you, though my son has the genuine Rexelaer blood in his veins, however spurious mine may be—you are asked to believe that the Christian maiden Wendela, having been confined by a heathen prince in his stronghold on the Rhine, was delivered by a lion, which penetrated into her chamber, a flaming sword in

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either fore-paw. An eighteenth-century Rexelaer, in a wig and a Voltairean nose, wrote a pamphlet to prove that the story had been misunderstood. It belonged to the time of the Crusaders, he said, not to that of the Romans (A.D. 237), and the lion in question was no four-footed animal, but a lion-hearted knight of that surname and crest.

The other version is the prettier one. None of the Rexelaers have perhaps ever dared to believe it as much as they wanted to. Nor would many of them have cared to swear by their patron saint that their name was really derived from Rex Hilarius, this same King Hilarius having been baptized—after an unaccountable lapse of the family into heathenism—in 500 and something by an old French priest who had named him in pious recollection of Bishop Hilary of Arles. It was all very beautiful and deliciously improbable, and one clung to it and might have died for it, but as to believing it—well, the Crusading ancestor, the first Willem's grandfather, was a historic fact, and surely he ought to have sufficed for the requirements of the proudest, or the vainest, heart.

And what now was left of it all? The old Baron shook his head as he passed over the bridge to the house. Not that he had been recapitulating, as he went, the long history of the Rexelaers. He had no need to do so. His heart was a burial-ground of the race, on which all the windows of his thoughts afforded an unconscious outlook.

[To be Continued]

The Spectator

The occult has always had a mysterious fascination for the Spectator. He delights to read about the marvelous doings of mahatmas, fakirs, dervishes, and the other wizards of the East; he has dipped into "Isis Unveiled" and that monumental hodge-podge of ancient and modern lore, "Oahspe;" and he even purposes some day to read the Book of Mormon, and to have his horoscope cast by an astrologer! So it was with some interest that, the other day, he made the acquaintance of a new instrument of occultism. This was a mysterious writing-tablet, which was supposed to communicate messages without human volition. The tablet was perhaps a foot wide and eighteen inches long, and upon it were stenciled the letters of the alphabet, the words "Yes," "No," "Good-by," and several stars, crescents, and figures. Upon the tablet was placed a small triangular sliding stand, which could be moved around by placing the fingers lightly upon it, and made to point at any of the characters on the board. The instrument was fittingly characterized by a mysterious name, "Ouija." It had been purchased at the novelty counter of one of New York's great emporiums. When the Spectator and a friend put this board between them and placed their fingers on the movable stand, the latter almost at once began to move and to spell out more or less inconsequential sentences. These may or may not have been written through the volition, direct or indirect, of the Spectator or his friend—though the Spectator is sure that his friend played no tricks, and moderately confident as to his own innocence. The communications purported to come from deceased friends. The interest of the present writer is particularly in a test which he made of the instrument on a matter of which neither he nor his friend had any knowledge.

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A piece of jewelry had disappeared. Here was a fine opportunity for the mysterious writing-machine to show its detective powers. After the first rapid, aimless movements across the tablet, which are usual, the indicator settled down to steady work, and the question was asked by the Spectator, "Where was the ring lost?" "On the street," was spelled out. "What became of it?" "It was found by an honest man." "Can you tell where the honest man lives?" "No." "Well, how can I recover the ring?" The answer was worthy of a diplomat and a humorist: "ADVERTISE FOR IT!" With one exception, this was altogether the most sensible thing that was written by "Ouija" during the evening spent in investigating this phase of occultism. Before speaking of that exception, it may be noted that the advice was afterwards taken, an advertisement was inserted in the best medium (cost, one dollar!), and—nothing more was ever heard of the ring or of the honest man who found it! Several other questions were asked which were intended to test the claim made by the "influence" that the writing was the work of departed spirits; among others, the questions, "Is Emin Pasha dead?" "What became of the Naronic?" "Who killed the Bordens?" But only the most dubious and noncommittal answers were received to these questions of genuine interest, upon which real light, it would seem, might easily be thrown by an "influence" possessed of the news instinct. The one genuinely thoughtful sentence was spelled out after an interval of discussion as to whether this mysterious writing might not be due to the phenomena of "double consciousness" of which the psychologists talk. Taking up the subject in the name of the deceased relative who had professedly been communicating with the Spectator's friend, the following words were spelled out: "*John may be a memory and not a man.*" This is the most remarkable "Spiritualistic" communication which the Spectator has ever received.

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Speaking of Spiritualism, the Spectator heard not long ago of a strange vagary of one of its adherents. This was—a mission to bad spirits! It seemed that, in the belief of this individual, a large number of those who die are too earthly, too materialistic, to at once pass into the higher realms, and they are compelled to remain upon the earth, hovering around the scenes of their bodily life. Now these Philistine or "earth-bound spirits" are very anxious to communicate with their friends in the flesh, and always turn out in great force at "circles" or "séances" where they may have that opportunity. The "mediums" at these séances, however, do not care to encourage the Philistines. They are much better pleased to give audience to "Franklin," or "Plato," or "Byron" than to Smith, Jones, or Robinson, and consequently the poor "earth-bound spirits" get no chance to tell how happy they are. So this benevolent gentleman, a man of large wealth, had for some years been holding at his house weekly séances for the earth-bound spirits exclusively, at which they could have full freedom to talk out their commonplaces, with no fear of being disturbed by the incoming of great philosophers who might want to discuss things which they could not understand and did not care to talk about! A mission to give earth-bound spirits a chance to talk! Christian missions have sometimes been criticised as unfruitful, but surely Christian philanthropy has never been credited with such erratic folly as this!

❀

Some weeks ago the Spectator discoursed, to the extent of a paragraph, on the devious ways of the matrimonial agencies, with the object of putting the young and inexperienced on their guard against such guileful institutions. With a view of imparting a lighter touch to the matter, he quoted verbatim from the highly humorous circular of one of these agencies a graphic word-picture of one of the "beauties" who was described as desirous of finding a partner for life, and then proceeded to read his homily to the above-described class of readers. A week or two later he received this testimony to the value of his admonitions:

—— ——, Miss.

Mr. Spectator:

Dear Sir—Will you be so kind as to send me the address of No. 6,994 (Class B) and name? Yours truly, —— ——, Jr.

Answer by return mail.

Alas for the Spectator's good intentions! This susceptible youth had evidently discovered that the paragraph was about matrimonial agencies, had been smitten by the word-picture, and had skipped the homily and jumped to the conclusion that the Spectator was a matrimonial agent! And, again alas! the Spectator was even denied the humble satisfaction of sequestrating the postage-stamp which ought always to accompany requests for such signal favors. This youth must indeed have been of such stuff as "green-goods" victims and Wall Street "lambs" are made! But he helps to explain the statement in the daily papers that a printer recently arrested in New York City for printing "fake" circulars was making a profit of $34,000 a year.

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The Home

The Burden of Shortsightedness

"Oh, dear, what a world of incompetents I find!" was the closing sentence of a letter received from a woman who devotes her life to the classes in which incompetency abounds because of ignorance.

The appalling thing in our civilization is that, in spite of almost unbounded educational opportunity, in spite of the efforts of scores of associations and organizations devoted to changing ignorance to knowledge, incompetency to equipment, there always remains this army of incompetent men and women who have no foundation on which to build, who have failed so continuously that success would be the abnormal thing to come into their lives. The genesis of this is lack of education, and it is to be found in every grade of our social structure. Poverty reveals the incompetency; wealth conceals it. How many of the men, but more especially the women, of our so-called wealthy classes could support themselves if suddenly thrown on their own resources, without influence or social backing? Comparatively few. And they are the most difficult "incompetents" in the world to deal with when found. The poor are accustomed to poverty, and there is the less that is startling, the less that is suffering, in their experiences to them.

Incompetency is due to the same cause in all cases—lack of training. And this lack of training is the result of unappreciated opportunities for education that would have changed the individual's relation to society. If the opportunities for special training were used by the people for whom they exist; if parents and those who control the destinies of children would look beyond childhood, and see the value of every hour of training to the future man and woman, the army of "incompetents" would be reduced to the incapables because of physical or mental disability. The sins of ignorance that cause most of the crime and disease, that make jails, hospitals, homes for the destitute, and kindred institutions necessary, would no longer slay their victims; crime would not be the result of ignorance, but the result of ability, and much easier to grapple with. Every student of sociology, every physician, knows that innate physical and moral weakness is much harder to overcome than the positive acts and effects of strength.

Training that recognizes the peculiar abilities of the individual is the safeguard, for the army of incompetents are misplaced individuals in most cases—those made hewers of wood who should be drawers of water; or they are the victims of ignorance that is so dull or so blind as to be unconscious that there is a future for which the present is a training-school.

The Vacation Fund

No stronger proof of the increase of interest of the readers of The Outlook in the work of Cherry Vale could be advanced than the increase of the Vacation Fund. On the date of the corresponding issue of last year the amount received was $134; this year it is $303. Cherry Vale was open all winter, and was to the working-girls who needed it what the donors, as well as the school-girls who furnished it, wanted it to be. The money sent to this Fund by our readers met the entire expense of Cherry Vale. This year, in order to do this, the Working-Girls' Vacation Society must receive through The Outlook almost $4,000. The house is twice as large as it was last year; that means increased accommodations, and increased accommodations mean increased expenses. That the readers of The Outlook intend to make Cherry Vale the expression of their hospitality to the sick and tired girls there is every reason to believe. The increase in the Fund justifies this belief.

Previously acknowledged	$183 00
H. N. J., New York, N. Y.	5 00
W. W. L., Springfield, Mass	10 00
J. F. J., Dobbs Ferry, N. Y.	20 00
A. T., Orange, N. J.	10 00
Anonymous, St. Johnsbury, Vt.	10 00
K. L. A., West Haven, Conn	1 00
S. B., Brooklyn, N. Y.	5 00
F. G. S., New York, N. Y	1 00
Mrs. E. C. T., Keene, N. H.	10 00
Miss M. C. C., Keene, N. H.	10 00
Miss J. E. B., Keene, N. H.	10 00
H. C. M., Philadelphia, Pa	10 00
Miss M., Keene, N. H	5 00
Trenton	2 00
S. E. S. and Friends	9 00
Miss R. K., Brooklyn	2 00
Total	$303 00

Helps in Listening to Music

By E. P. M.

Among persons who have had no especial musical training it is a common complaint that instrumental music, as a rule, is unintelligible, and therefore uninteresting; and that the melody of a familiar song, a lively dance, or a piece of programme music is all that is capable of pleasing them. There are others who say that much of the music they hear is pleasing, but that it does not produce any definite impression or give food for any thought.

Several excellent works by musicians of note have appeared from time to time, prepared to meet this difficulty; but as these volumes do not reach the general public, a more available and condensed statement seems desirable, and it will be the aim of this article to furnish such a statement.

In the first place, let us rid ourselves of that very common notion of a piece of music as a performance. Instead, let us see it as externalized thought; for back of every worthy composition exists in the mind of the composer some more or less definite idea which the external form aims to express. Attentive listening will reveal melodies and melodic ideas carefully developed and intelligently handled, and a harmonious and symmetrical form.

Mr. Calvin B. Cady, in an excellent article in the "Music Review," discusses the comparative impressions produced by a great painting on the mind of an adult and of a child. Whereas the child sees only a mass of color, to the adult there are individual masses, harmoniously combined, forming beautiful outlines and delicate shadings. Moreover, there are individual ideas; and, through all, the general idea, or concept of the whole. Then there is the perspective; each part is properly related to the others, and fits into its own particular place.

So it is with a musical composition: first a mass of sound, then individual masses, then outlines or melodies, delicate shadings, warmth of expression (compared to the coloring), and, throughout all, the beautiful concept, and the principle of unity, corresponding to the perspective, and happily likened by Mr. Cady to the rhythm of the music.

As it requires thoughtful attention and study to grasp the full meaning and beauty of a great painting, so is it with a noble composition in music; and we see at once that technique is not the first consideration in either. That should be faultless, but it should be subservient to the thought. Its greatest achievement is in its effacement, so that the idea breaks upon one as it came to the originator—an inspiration, not a performance. I shall now attempt to analyze briefly some of the tangible points in the musical picture; and the first consideration will be the so-called perspective, corresponding to the rhythm.

In listening to a piece of music, one is conscious of a regular movement or pulsation, which is often erroneously

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called *time*. It is not *time*, but rhythm, which is defined by Mr. W. S. B. Mathews as "measured flow." This movement is measured primarily into groups of twos, threes, and fours; or into double groups of sixes, nines, or twelves, known as compound two, three, or four.

Triple rhythm may be compared to the equilateral triangle; four, to the square; and six-eight, or compound-two rhythm, to the hexagon.

A little listening shows that the first pulsation of each of these groups is the strongest, as though the triangle should have its base heavily marked; thus , or the quadrangle, its two sides thus .

It requires at first some discrimination to detect the difference between the two-four and four-four pulsations. The two-four has but one strong beat, while the four-four has the first and third heavily marked, the third weaker than the first. This gives a different quality to the two kinds of rhythm, the two-four being the more sprightly.

An example in large and small figures may serve to elucidate this point:

Compound-two, or six-eight, rhythm has six pulsations, but with a basis of two strongly marked beats:

Nine-eight has nine pulsations, with a basis of three:

Twelve-eight has twelve, on a four basis:

Every musical composition is based upon a musical text called the *motif*, which is the germ of the whole piece or movement, and upon the treatment of which depends the character of the piece. A composition founded upon a single *motif*, or a few briefly developed motives, is of a more intellectual order than one which is developed from a flowing melody of a song-like character.

This latter type, called the Lyric, is of a soothing and restful nature—the music of repose—and is the descendant of the ancient folk-song. It requires little explanation, as it is the music of sentiment rather than of action.

Motivized music, on the contrary, is the expression of excitement and passion, and also of intellectual activity. It requires more intent listening. Of this type is much of the music of the day.

Some pieces or movements are made up wholly of one *motif*, ingeniously treated, and woven in and out with beautiful harmony and little melodic ideas, giving it the character of a web of gorgeous tapestry, varied with rich colors, but bearing always the same design or figure. Wagner's treatment of the *motif* is too well known to need much comment. Suffice it to say that each idea he wished to express is embodied in a separate *motif*, and every time a new *motif* appears one may know what new idea is about to be introduced.

It is impossible without practical illustration to analyze a piece of music into its general and individual ideas, but with these few suggestions each listener may be able to analyze for himself, to some extent.

Many characteristic pieces need no explanation as to title or inner meaning, as the name gives the whole clue to the thought. There are others, however, which are not so palpable, and a little description of the title and its adjuncts may serve to throw light upon the composer's meaning. I shall therefore describe briefly some of these less familiar and commonly used titles.

Let us glance for a moment at the Sonata, the most important of all musical forms. It is made up of either three or four movements—usually four. The first movement is in rapid rhythm, and is sometimes preceded by a brief introduction in slow tempo. We generally find a well-developed melody carried out through one section of the movement; then others less important, closely related to the first; then a return to the first theme.

The second movement is an Andante, or some other slow movement, usually of a lyric character; the third either a Menuetto or Scherzo, and the Finale is brilliant and rapid, sometimes a Rondo (or Round), as in Beethoven's "Pathetique," and others.

The Sonata, then, is really a collection of three or four distinct pieces, forming a symmetrical whole.

The Symphony is a sonata for orchestra, and needs no further description.

The Sonatina is a sonata on a small scale, consisting of but two movements.

The Concerto is in sonata form, and is written as a solo for some instrument, as the violin, piano, or organ, and is arranged with orchestral accompaniment.

When the piano is the chosen instrument, the accompaniment is sometimes adapted to a second piano.

The Ballade has no especially distinctive features. It was a name arbitrarily given by Chopin to three or four of his pieces. The title seems to call for the lyric style.

The Barcarolle is a boat-song, and conveys the movement of the water, the swing of the oars, and the boatman's song.

The Serenata and Nocturne are both defined as serenades, although the Nocturne has been described as "a piece of soft and tender character, supposed to be suitable for the night hours." The Nocturne is more dreamy and less passionate than the Serenata.

The Scherzo (a jest) is a merry, tripping movement, expressing the humorous and mirthful in music.

The Polacca and Polonaise are Polish dances in three-four rhythm, with the accent (so called) upon a usually unaccented beat of the measure.

Some of the older forms of composition have a renewed popularity, and we find the Gavotte, the Chaconne, and the Toccata on our modern concert programmes.

The Gavotte was an old French dance in four-four rhythm; the Chaconne is Spanish, in three-four rhythm, and consists of a theme with more or less elaborate variations. The Toccato is a show piece written for technical display.

The Fugue has always held its own, but it is not a strictly popular form, being too intricate and too purely intellectual. It consists principally of one subject, which is taken up in turn by several different voices, appearing again and again, sometimes in one key and sometimes in another.

These titles will cover most of the ground occupied by modern concert programmes, and, when understood, they prepare the listener to expect from each its own peculiar characteristics, and furnish a starting-point of interest; just as the title of the painting reveals the meaning of all the forms and outlines in the picture, and makes the artist's thought our own.

An Incident

By Grace Hopkins

It was a queer little three-cornered space in the Woman's Building at Chicago, and over it hung a banner, "King's Daughters." The Wayfarer, who is somewhat given to skepticism when tired, looked up and inquired of herself indolently, "What exhibit can King's Daughters make? I wish there was one thing too sacred to be put on exhibition! We are an advertising people, and it's philosophy to accept it," and she stopped for a moment at the three-cornered space. A sweet, motherly-looking

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woman came forward, and, with the most hospitable smile and voice, invited the Wayfarer to come in and rest. "You look very tired; will you not lie down on the couch and I will hide you with the screen? That's what we're here for," she added, brightly—"to make people comfortable. Are you a King's Daughter?" The Wayfarer knew the question was asked in a technical sense. "No," she answered, confessing by her manner her consciousness of delinquency. "I am sorry," was the response; "but it does not matter; come in and rest."

The Wayfarer declined, but she had learned another lesson.

At the Lunch-Table

By Rachel Dunkirk

"Well, Mollie, you fortunate person, I think it your bounden duty to sit down and enlighten the poverty-laden woman who could not go to Chicago."

"I thought you never wanted to hear another word about the Fair, Kit."

"That was before you, my dear chum and other self, had been there. I always want to hear you."

"Beautifully done! It is impossible, Kit, to give an adequate conception of the Fair in words, nor even by using the camera, industriously as that recorder of events has been used. To appreciate it, it must be seen in its entirety."

"Yes, but if the length of your purse forbids that, then you must depend on your friends. In the first place, what did you enjoy most?"

"The waterway at night. It was the very acme of enjoyment. The noiseless launch came to the steps—"

"You took those when there were gondolas!"

"Yes. The gondola involved a working gondolier; the launch apparently involved no labor. Turning a little brass wheel was play. You sank down with a feeling of gratitude that at last muscular effort was unnecessary. Noiselessly the launch left the steps, and you passed wooded islands, under graceful arches, in front of magnificent buildings whose beauty was made weird by the play of light and shadow upon them as the search-lights focused now on the roof, now on a doorway, here bringing out a warrior, there a Greek hero, as it rested for a moment now on an architectural group, now on a group whose outline, before you saw it clearly, was lost in the soft gray of a summer evening. At last you came out into the blaze of the Court of Honor. Just above the water is a fringe of electric lights—the outline of the roofs just below the leaders, the pediments, here and there an arch, all with a fringe of electric lights, adding new beauty to that which is beautiful. The golden Republic looks benignantly down upon the floating population at her feet, and the lighted dome of the Administration Building forms a fine background for the fountain whose figures seem bounding out to take part in the active life about them. Softly, quietly, you move, asking nothing more in life than this sense of happy freedom—under the bridge, back into the quiet and semi-darkness, past the wooded island, the soft gleaming lights of the Japanese tea-garden, under the shadow of the Government Building, catching a glimpse of a flock of geese on the bank which have not yet adjusted themselves to the strange conditions, roused by the quick, startled quack of a duck, who, grown restless in her effort to reconcile the darkness with the activity, has taken to her natural element and been almost run down by this strange water-animal, the launch.

"Looking back, you see through the archway of the bridge, with startling distinctness, the fountain as the search-light is focused upon it. Is it a dream, all that light and beauty and coloring, all that activity, that ripple of laughter and song? or is it true that you have reached that land of rest where the wicked and the weary cease their troubling and worrying? 'Woman's Building,' says the pilot; and you know you are at the Chicago Fair."

"Eloquent, Mollie! What next?"

"The Midway Plaisance. I really wished for you one afternoon. The sky was a glorious orange as we entered the Plaisance. Jack was in just the right mood. I took his arm, and we walked, careless as ignorant children, past the several attractions. Thatched roof, pointed gable, queer projecting window, tower, minaret, turret—all were seen without comment; sedan chairs, with their miserable-looking carriers and still more miserable-looking passengers, joggled and shaken by the uneven movements of the bearers; wheeled chairs, whose occupants seemed to have forgotten the human being who toiled, with more or less effort, to get them through the crowd; representatives of unknown peoples on every side. Suddenly we were startled by a strange, peculiar cry above our heads. 'Wa, hi, ho—lo—e'—guttural, discordant. We stopped, listened, and looked up, but saw no reason for the strange sound. Again and again it rose and fell, always in the air. At last we discovered, in the balcony of the minaret of the Turkish mosque, a lonely figure in dull blue robes, with turbaned head, and long, sweeping whiskers falling over the breast. It was the chief muezzin, praying, bowing at the four points of the compass, unconscious of the sneering, amused, or unsympathetic faces raised to him. The horrid sounds of the tom-tom came from the Chinese theater down the street. At the very foot of the minaret was the babble of sound from the Turkish theater, with its group of players, both men and women, gathered in their stage costume, to attract an audience. Only a little further down, at the entrance to Cairo Street, were the Arab dancing singers, whose strange monotone was like the sound of waves heard when a band is playing, rising, falling, distinct and muffled. And all the time, in the air over our heads, the Eastern priest worshiped the God who knows no country and is of all.

"Do you wonder that we wandered on quietly, or that we spoke only of the sunset, whose last gleam shone on the muezzin as he disappeared into the minaret? It is the constant presence of the unexpected that gives the touch of poetry to the Fair, and makes it impossible to give impressions that are complete."

A Painted Lady

By Fanny C. Neale

Not a painted picture of a lady, but a real live Painted Lady butterfly, arrayed in beautiful shades of brown and gold, and living in a large white geranium, from the blossoms of which she gets whatever food she needs, while the leaves and stems afford her a happy home in the sunshine. I must tell you how this pretty creature came to me.

A friend at whose house I was calling, one morning in midwinter, putting a fresh log on her open fire, stopped suddenly and said to me, "Would you like a chrysalis? Here is one in a crevice of this log," and there, almost hidden out of sight by the loose bark, was a grayish-brown cocoon about an inch in length.

Rather indifferently, I took the fuzzy little thing to save it from being burned, and started out with it in my hand. Twice I accidentally dropped it in the snow, and the second time I lost it I queried whether or not it was worth picking up again. However, I carried it home and put it into a little box without a cover, and thought no more of the chrysalis. Two months later imagine my delight at seeing a beautiful large butterfly, out of all proportion to the small cocoon, flitting about my room!

With the mercury at zero that morning, I thought a butterfly a rare and most interesting sight, and, fearing it would live but a short time in such severe weather, not even the allotted day of a butterfly's life, I hastened to the dining-room with my beauty to greet the family as they came to breakfast. All were pleased and entertained at the sight of such an unusual visitor, and one member of the family who is a noted naturalist called it the Painted Lady species; a name that seems most appropriate on

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account of the exquisite, delicate marking of the wings and the beautiful coloring.

Under a large tumbler it felt its limitations and began to beat its wings against the glass. So I let it out, and it immediately flew to the window and lighted on a white geranium; there, in the sunshine, it has lived ever since, eighteen days!

In the morning, when the sun's rays are warmest, my butterfly will flit about all over the window, seemingly joyful and happy; but when the sun disappears it goes back to the plant and moves about on that the rest of the day. Towards night it seeks a dark corner, between the flower-pot and window-frame, and there remains until the sunlight floods the window the next day.

Besides what the butterfly may get to eat from the blossoms, I put a little sugar and water on the leaves of the geranium; whether or not this manufactured honey has been palatable to the butterfly I cannot say. Although I have watched closely, I have not seen it taste of it.

Lately my Painted Lady has had some misery—yes, actual suffering, too—mingled with her joy. A pet cat is the disturber of her peace. The cat watches her chance to spring upon the butterfly, and twice I have rescued Painted Lady from her paws, and once from her very jaws; a shriek, which scared the cat, made her drop it from her mouth. I uttered the shriek involuntarily at seeing what had happened, and it saved my butterfly's life.

On examining, I found that its beautiful wings were injured somewhat, yet not to the extent one might imagine from the alarming situation. However, lately I have noticed that my butterfly is not so active as she was during the first week of her life. Since the cat has interfered with her freedom she has clung more closely to the plant. Perhaps she would prefer her cocoon existence to the life of a midwinter butterfly with a naughty cat threatening her destruction.

Who knows?

"A Lad—Dismissed"

By Mary Tappan Wright

In Six Parts—I.

In their ragged regimentals
Stood the old Continentals,
Yielding not. —*Old Song.*

It was almost six o'clock on Friday evening, June 16, 1775, and the Continental troops in Cambridge, who had been ordered to provide themselves with packs and blankets and provisions for twenty-four hours, were gathering on the Common prepared to march to—some place, no one knew where.

All day long there had been drilling and drumming, orders flying and horsemen riding between Cambridge and Watertown, where the Provincial Congress was in session, and over everything hung a gritty haze.

From the high seat beside the driver of a heavy wagon, drawn up now at the edge of the Common, a boy was watching the dust rising around the feet of the soldiers as they paraded down the middle of the grass-edged streets. At every step it came up in billows like puffs of pale-brown smoke, so thick that the shadows of the foremost officers were cast across it by the low sun in long streaks, and growing so dense that the last of the companies disappeared altogether in a leathery mist which thinned gradually after they had passed.

"Once for all, Asa Pollard," said the boy, imperiously, "will you take me with you or will you not?"

"Once for all, Tom Kettell," said Asa Pollard, firmly, "I will not, and if you make any attempt to march with the troops you will be turned back before you reach the limits of the town."

"Very well, then," said the boy; "I shall go over there by myself."

"Where?" asked the man, curiously.

"If you'll take me, I'll tell you."

"You can't tell me, because you do not know."

"I do know. Dr. Warren came over from Watertown this morning to see Colonel Prescott; I held his horse while they talked, and heard every word. They mean to intrench—" He stopped maliciously.

"That is no news to me. I have the intrenching tools in the cart here."

"But you do not know where they mean to intrench. There will be fighting, too."

"So much the more reason that boys should stay at home."

"I don't believe it will be very *killing* fighting, Asa; let me come!"

"If you were only to be killed," said Asa, unfeelingly, "it might be well enough. It would save your poor mother many an hour's anxiety; but to hand you over to her maimed, a burden on her for the rest of your natural life—that I will not risk! Or if you are taken prisoner—"

"I shall never be taken alive!" cried Tom, lifting his head haughtily.

"Hoots! toots!" said Asa, contemptuously. "Whom have we here! Dr. Warren, or Colonel Prescott! 'Tis said they are resolved to die before they will be taken prisoner, but small fry like you and me are not even worthy to be hanged for traitors!"

"Better die in battle than be hanged on a British gallows," said Tom.

"Faith! in the end," said Asa, philosophically, "it seems pretty much the same thing to me."

A long silence followed; Tom kicked his toes against the dashboard, and watched the declining sun impatiently.

"What are they waiting for?" he said, nodding in the direction of the troops who were drawn up in line upon the grass.

"They are waiting for several things," said Asa, dryly—"for the officers to eat their suppers and wrangle over the distribution of troops, for news from reinforcements, for fresh ammunition, and for the President of Harvard College to offer a prayer."

"Then I am going; for if they keep on in this way they will not reach Bunker Hill before morning."

"Good-by," said Asa, stolidly, not betraying by the quiver of a muscle or the winking of an eyelash the satisfaction he felt over this unexpected information, while Tom, climbing from the wagon, strode off, his shot-pouch and powder-horn slung over his shoulder, and his long flint-lock musket resting comfortably, hunter's fashion, in the crotch of his arm. It was so warm that he had left his coat at home, and the sleeves of his light homespun shirt came from beneath a long brown waistcoat; his short gray breeches were buttoned tightly at the knee, over thick-ribbed blue woolen stockings, and on his feet he wore heavy low shoes with large bright buckles. He struck into the dusty road leading eastward to the town of Charlestown, walking slowly. He had been running about Cambridge in the heat all the day long, and was very tired; and so it happened that, in spite of the fact that he was in no very great hurry to reach Bunker Hill, he was not sorry when a man driving a light wagon overtook him and offered him a ride.

There was a saddle-horse fastened behind; it was a handsome black animal with a heavy mane and long sweeping tail. Tom looked at it closely, and then, with a little start, turned his eyes on its master. He had scarcely noticed the man before. As he had climbed into the wagon he had fancied, from the blue smock and wide-sweeping hat, that his new acquaintance might be one of the farmers owning the broad meadows above the town of Charlestown; but now, as he looked, an expression of recognition came into his eyes. He glanced downward; the leg appearing below the coarse blue blouse was clad in a silk stocking, and the fine shoe covering the foot resting carelessly against the dashboard was ornamented with a handsome buckle.

"I held your horse for you this morning," he said, a little shyly.

"You did!" exclaimed the stranger. A slight expres-

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sion of annoyance came into his eyes, but he added quietly: "You know me, then?"

"You are the President of the Provincial Congress, Dr. Warren," said Tom.

"Do you live in Charlestown?"

"I did live there," said Tom, "but my mother has been shut up in Boston since the middle of April. General Gage has refused her passes, and so my aunt in Cambridge moved what she could of value to her house there, and took me with her."

"Have you tidings of your mother? Is she in need?"

"Yes." The answer was so short and forbidding that it took Dr. Warren by surprise; after one startled glance he made no further effort to talk, and before long seemed to have forgotten Tom's presence altogether. Not, indeed, until they were descending the slope of ground to the left of Cobble Hill, and the Charlestown Common lay before them, did he break the silence.

"How do you come to have a permit to cross the 'Neck'?" he asked, as if the thought had suddenly occurred to him.

For reasons of his own, Tom was startled. "It—it is another boy's," he stammered. "His father owns one of the big pastures on Breed's Hill; they went in together this morning to mow it."

"Where?" asked Dr. Warren, abruptly.

"On the north side," said Tom; adding, "He says there are not two hundred people in the town. I suppose the rest will leave in a body to-morrow—" He stopped; in his relief at getting away from one delicate subject he had plunged more seriously into another.

"And why 'to-morrow'? What do you mean?" were the stern questions.

Tom hesitated.

"Answer me! What do you know?"

"I only know what you said yourself when I held your horse this morning," cried Tom, defensively. "You took no pains to speak low."

"And whom have you told?"

"No one."

"Why are you on your way to Charlestown?"

"I am not on my way to Charlestown," said Tom. "I am going to Bunker Hill."

"For what reason?"

"For a better reason than most of those have who are going," said Tom, pushed to the wall. "They have kept my mother there starving in the heat for six weeks, and my little sister—my little sister, *she died of it.*" His voice sank to a husky whisper. "But they will find that I can shoot straight!" he added, fiercely, as he tightened his grasp on his musket.

"You do not know what you are saying," said Dr. Warren. "Every straight shot means a man's life, and revenge is not the spirit in which to serve your country. We shall have need of men to-morrow, not of vindictive lads."

"I can fill a man's place."

"Not without the spirit and nerve of a man. You must go back."

They were passing through the Charlestown Common, an unfenced grassy meadow on the mainland to the northwest of the town. The Cambridge road crossed it directly to the "Neck," or isthmus which connected the mainland with the Charlestown peninsula.

"Do not send me back," Tom pleaded. "Let me dig in the trenches, if you will not let me fight. It isn't all revenge. *You* ought to know that I love my country!"

The world of reproachful admiration in that "you" touched Warren's heart, but still he shook his head. "In the matter of to-morrow," he said, "I have no authority. Colonel Prescott will be in command, and permission to join the troops must come from him. Still, you can do something for me, now, that, in a roundabout way, may serve a better cause."

Tom's face brightened.

"I have some friends in Charlestown who should leave here to-night with whatever goods they can carry with them. Take this wagon to the third house on the main street, and tell them, from me, that further delay were folly. By doing this you will save me much valuable time."

He had descended from the wagon as he spoke, and was preparing to mount his horse. "You see that I trust you," he said, turning to Tom with a smile. "Farewell!" He vaulted into the saddle and started off at a gallop.

"Farewell!" Tom shouted after him. "*Until to-morrow!*"

Wheeling his horse, Warren rode back a few yards in Tom's direction, commanding silence in a gesture so angry, so imperative, that the boy quaked in his shoes; then, turning again, he thundered down the road, the sparks from his horse's hoofs flying behind him.

Sunday Afternoon

All Things Ours[1]

By Lyman Abbott

All things are yours; whether Paul, or Apollos, or Cephas, or the world, or life, or death, or things present, or things to come; all are yours; and ye are Christ's; and Christ is God's.—1 Corinthians iii., 21–23.

If there ever was a community to which you would expect that an inspired Apostle would give caution that great care was to be exercised in using the things of this world, it would be the Corinthian community. Corinth was the commercial metropolis of Greece; it was the corruptest city of the corruptest nation in its most corrupt time. In Corinth vice was organized, licentiousness was honored, appetite was deified, the animal nature was made pre-eminent, the intellectual and the spiritual nature were put under foot. And, speaking to this community, one would expect that, if ever, a religious teacher would say, You must be careful; there are things you must not have to do with: do not go into society, because society is corrupt; do not indulge in dress, because dress leads to extravagance, and your community is full of extravagance. In other words, you would expect that the inspired Apostle would avow and apply the principle of Judaism, legalism, Pharisaism, asceticism, Puritanism—for all these different words describe in different ways the same essential principle: We are living in a world in which there is a great deal of evil, therefore we must go cautiously, and we must deny ourselves. We must not have a rich, ebullient, luxuriant nature, because if we do, life will be full of danger to us, and we shall come to be full of danger to others. But the Apostle Paul pursues exactly the reverse method. It is to the people in this corrupt city of a corrupt State, in a corrupt epoch, that he uses the words of our text. All things, he says, are yours—all things—and you are to have them all. You are not to shut the door upon them; you are not to curtail the powers of your being; you are not to live a limited, narrow, mean, restricted life because there is danger in a large one: all things are yours—Paul, Apollos, Cephas, the world, life, death, things present, things to come, all are yours.

I want to open up the meaning of this text a little to-night. Let us see what it means.

All things, then, are ours if we are Christ's. The Christian religion does not come to me with a series of negatives, saying, Thou shalt not here and Thou shalt not there; on the contrary, the Christian religion comes as an emancipator; it makes it easier and safer for men to live a large, rich, luxuriant, and all-abounding life. It invites you to do so.

All religious teachers are ours. Paul, Apollos, Cephas, represent the different types of religious teaching in that time. They all belong to the Christian, says Paul. All denominations, then, are yours and mine. The Baptist, the Methodist, the Presbyterian, the Congregationalist, the Protestant, the Roman Catholic—they are all ours. We are not shut up to any one of them, unless we choose to shut ourselves up to that one, and, if we do, we so far lessen our Christian privilege. We recognize this largeness of our life in our hymn-books, though not in our

[1] Baccalaureate Sermon, preached at the Chapel of Packer Institute, Brooklyn, Sunday evening, June 11, 1893. Reported stenographically by Henry Winans, and revised for The Outlook by the author.

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preaching. If I were to invite a Roman Catholic priest into Plymouth pulpit, and he were to come and preach a sermon, it would produce a sensation; and yet I can give out one of Faber's hymns, and we sing that and no one is surprised. The hymns of the Roman Catholic Church, of the Methodist, the Calvinist, the Unitarian, the Orthodox churches, are all ours. So are their teachings. All religious teaching, all expressions of the religious life, are ours. And why? Because the truth is larger than any one expression of the truth. The Calvinist declares that God is sovereign, directing, controlling, bending all things to his sovereign purpose; and the Arminian says that every man is free, and holds the helm of his own destiny in his own hand, and on him rest the responsibilities of life. By and by we shall be large enough to see that both are true, and that God is a sovereign over free moral agents. The Roman Catholic Church declares that the kingdom of God is a great, united organization in which all Christians are bound together in one great army; the Congregationalist says, No, every church is independent, and every man may think what he pleases, and do what he pleases, and answer alone to his own God. By and by we shall come to see that truth is large enough to include them both, and what the Church stands for is not alone unity on the one hand nor liberty on the other, but, in a much larger sense than the great statesman ever meant, union and liberty, one and inseparable. We hear a great deal said in favor of toleration. For my own part, I have not much respect for toleration. I do not want any one to tolerate me; I do not think you want any one to tolerate you. No! it is not toleration we want, but catholicity; that is another and a very different matter. It is not the spirit of one who says, "You are teaching error, nevertheless I will tolerate it." No! truth is always intolerant of error. It is the spirit of one who says, The truth is so large that I see only a part, and my neighbor sees only a part; but by and by I shall see what he sees and he shall see what I see; and when the world has grown old enough and learned enough, then Catholic and Protestant, heretic and orthodox, Congregationalist and Episcopalian, will come together, and we shall see the whole mind of God: thus far we have only seen each one of us a little part. All truth is ours, gather it where you will; aye, the pagan also is ours. Marcus Aurelius is ours; Seneca is ours; Plato is ours; Socrates is ours; and the modern pagan is ours. Huxley and Tyndall and Spencer and Matthew Arnold are all ours. Yea, whosoever honestly, earnestly studies the book of nature or the book of history or the book of the human heart, and endeavors to find God's truth, is speaking some word that the world needs to hear; and every word of truth is a word of God. And it all belongs to us.

The world is ours. All material things are ours. When Henry Ward Beecher was a boy, it is said that one day he was in the garden cultivating some flowers, when a New England deacon passed, and, looking over the fence, said, "Henry, I am sorry to see you wasting your time with those flowers." Henry said afterwards that he was too bashful to ask the deacon, "Why did God create them if it is a waste of time to tend them?" All material things are ours. All beauty is ours. I read an article the other day in one of the English Reviews claiming that it was wicked to wear diamonds. Diamonds are ours. Pearls and precious stones are ours. All the beauty of art and sculpture and architecture, and, to be very practical and bring the matter down to every-day life, all beauty of dress, is ours. If you will excuse the seemingly sectarian allusion, I don't think God is quite a sound Quaker. He does not dress nature in drabs and grays. He gives us bright colors—why should we not enjoy them? Do you reply, Does not the Bible say, Love not the world, neither the things that are in the world? Does it not say, Set your affections on things above, not on things on the earth? Certainly it does; and you are not to love the world, you are not to set your affections on things on the earth. If a man puts his love upon a material thing, and comes to love it—from a bonnet to a diamond—he is degrading the affections, and not using them for the purpose for which God gave them. Love is for the spiritual, love is for the invisible, love is for the immortal and the eternal; but love itself may take all material things and use them; and they belong to us—all of them.

All life is ours. That is, all the activities and all the faculties, they all belong to us. There are not in man some faculties that are sinful and others that are holy, so that you are to repress the sinful faculties and cultivate and develop the holy ones. There is not a single faculty in man which may not be so directed as to do harm. Conscience! what a cruel faculty conscience has been! How hard, how vengeful, how bitter, how passionate, how loathsome! Conscience has swept the Netherlands with fire and with sword. Conscience has lighted the fagots around the martyr. Conscience has turned the rack and rejoiced in the torments of the tortured. Conscience has built the Inquisition and presided over it. How reverence has degraded men! How it has led them to bow down before stocks and stones and images and pictures and material things, and led them away from the spiritual and the invisible and the divine and the eternal! how it has led them to worship dead things instead of the living, creeds instead of faith, cathedrals instead of the living church, images and idols instead of the true and living God! How faith has deluded men! How it has led them into all sorts of vagaries and extravagance and visionary things! Yea, how even love, unguided and unregulated, has turned to a mere sentimentality or sensuality, and weakened and enervated instead of strengthening the nature! There is not a faculty in man that may not be misdirected to an evil purpose. And there is not a faculty that may not be directed to a good and holy purpose. Conscience has been cruel, but it has nerved the arm and strengthened the heart of many a hero on many a battle-field; and reverence has turned toward God and strengthened the feet that climbed many a weary way up the mount of God; and faith has looked through the heavens and seen the Christ sitting on the right hand of God, and cheered the soul on with great hope; and love has bound the mother to her child, and the friend to the friend, and man to man in great and ever-growing brotherhood. And the lower faculties, that men put aside as evil—they also are good. Acquisitiveness is a root of every manner of evil, as the Apostle Paul well says; but it is also a root of every manner of good; for this desire to acquire has turned the busy wheels of innumerable industries and built up a great material civilization. And combativeness and destructiveness have sent the hero into the battle-field fighting for liberty and for truth—God's truth and God's liberty—in our own land and in other lands. There is not a faculty in our nature that does not belong to us to train and use aright; there is not one that you are to throw one side and say, That comes from the devil, that is an evil thing. And yet there is hardly one that men have not told us we must not use because it is dangerous. Reason! how often men have been told from the pulpit they must not use their reason; they must believe without reason! But the Bible says we must prove all things, and hold fast only that which is good. There is not one single truth of Christian revelation to which you have not the right to apply your reason and test and measure it to see whether it be true or not. And the imagination! The Puritans shut up the novel and said, "You must not read it." But Thackeray and Dickens and Scott and George Eliot brought it back again, and we are wiser to-day than our fathers and our mothers who attempted to shut off from us the works of imagination, and we have learned lessons from Scott and from Thackeray and from Dickens and from George Eliot that no other teacher than a chastened and cultivated imagination could possibly have taught us. Music may be so used as to lead men to sensuality and vice; and music is the very sound of the celestial empire, and may lift us up and waft us into the very gates of the kingdom of God. There are some people who almost think it is wrong to laugh; and a great many people who think it is wrong to laugh in church. What! will you laugh in the presence of Almighty God? Well, I should like to know where I can laugh if I cannot laugh in the presence of Almighty God, for I am always in his presence. Does the father want his children, when

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they come into the room, to stop their merry laughter and the patter of their dancing feet because father is there? or, rather, does he want them to come to him with their bounding feet because father has come? A great deal more wise philosophy than that of the ascetic who looks askance on laughter is there in the little child who said, "Mamma, I think God must have laughed when he made the monkey." One after another of these faculties we have redeemed and taken up. The Puritan said, You must not have pictures, because pictures are evil; but we have taken back art. They shut off music, and we have taken back music; they shut off the imagination, and we have taken back the novel. The last effort of legalism is an attempt to shut the doors of the theater. It is better to shut the doors of the theater on yourself than it is to go to the theater that degrades and demoralizes and vitiates; and I admit that it is not always easy to find one that does not; but nevertheless the end and aim which the Christian is to have in view is not closing the door of the theater, but consecrating the theater, and lifting it up, and making it a means for development and culture of righteousness. The whole human life, with all its ebullient activities, with all its luxuriant nature, with all its outcroppings and upreachings—it all belongs to the child of God.

And all the present and the future is ours. Thank God, the past is not! That belongs to Him. Your mistakes, your follies, your failures, your shortcomings, your sins, they belong to God. You cannot change them if you try. There is no sponge with which you can wipe off from the slate what you have written on it. You must leave that with God. The past belongs to God, but the present and the future belong to me to make what I can out of them. I think the doctrine of redemption—if you will pardon the commercial form—could almost be represented thus: God saying, I will go into partnership with you; you give me your past and I will give you your present and your future; I will take care of what you have done if you will give yourself to what you are going to do. It is a blessed thing when a man can enter into that heartily, and say, I leave all of the past with God; I consecrate myself to the present and to the future—it all belongs to me.

All teaching, all material things, all human activities, all present experience, all future experience—all, all are ours. Why? How do they become ours? Paul goes on to tell why. Because we are Christ's, and Christ is God's. They are ours because they belong to Christ, and we belong to Christ. They are Christ's because Christ belongs to God, and all things belong to God. The house belongs to the children because it belongs to the father. The books in the library belong to the household because they belong to the head of the household. This great institution, with its equipment, belongs to the faculty and the board of trustees; and, therefore, it belongs to you, because it is held by the faculty and by the board of trustees for your culture, your advantage, your benefit; and it belongs to them in trust to use for the purpose for which it was given to them: not theirs for any other purpose; not theirs to make money out of it or to make fame out of it, but theirs to use for the upbuilding of those who are brought here under their roof and so under their influence. I go into a hospital; here are the wards, here the beds, here the medicines, here the surgical apparatus; and it all belongs to the medical faculty, but for a purpose: it is theirs because put in their hands in trust to work out the cure of their patients. They are not to say, These are poisons, they are dangerous; we must put them away, we must not use them. They must learn the danger, and what is the wrong way and what the right way to use the poisons, and use them for the purpose for which they were given. You go on board a great ocean steamer, and the moment the steamer leaves her dock you are under the absolute control of the captain; he is an autocrat so far as the crew and the passengers are concerned; the whole steamer belongs to him; he can shut you in your room, he can put you in irons, and there is no revolt possible. Why is it his? It is his that he may carry you safely across this ocean. If he uses this power, that is put in his hands, for himself and his own benefit, then he is recreant. When the Oregon, coming along the Atlantic coast, was struck in the middle of the night by that coaster, and a great wound was made in her side through which the water was pouring, a friend who was on board the boat told me that Captain Murray stood on the bridge as calm, apparently, as on a May morning, and waited until every passenger was off, and every officer was off, and every man in the crew was off; and the last man to step off the sinking vessel was the Captain himself; and ten minutes after he stepped off, the steamer gave a quiver, as of apprehension, and then plunged to the bottom of the ocean. The steamer was his, and the men were his, and the boats were his, and the passengers were his, all for this: that he might save them in time of peril; and he should go down to the bottom of the ocean rather than that, by his recreancy, one of those intrusted to him should perish.

That is the reason why all things are yours and mine—because we are Christ's, and Christ is God's; because he has given us all things, that we may use them for the benefit, the upbuilding, the education, the redemption, of those that are about us. We are in school, and we are teachers of others; we are in the hospital, and we are curers of others; we are on the steamer, and we are saviors of others. Keep the beauty and the power, all things and all faculties, but use them for service, not for self-praise and self-gratification.

We draw the line between vocations that we call religious and vocations that we call secular. If a minister comes under the suspicion that he is preaching his sermons for money, or for social position, or for fame, the stain of dishonor is fixed upon him. The minister must use all his faculties—his humor, his imagination, his learning, his reason—for his congregation. If he does not, he is an apostate. And the doctor—let us once understand that he is trying, not to save men from sickness, but to make money, and we put the stamp of the quack upon him instantly. He must use all his powers in his profession for making men well. And the lawyer—we say that he is an administrator of justice; and if his object is the fee, not justice, we put him down as not a true member of the bar, as not a real and royal lawyer. But men imagine that a merchant, or a broker, or a manufacturer, may give himself to the making of money; they imagine that even a newspaper may give itself to the making of money. But there is no distinction: there are not a set of Ten Commandments for the ministers and lawyers and doctors, and something else for the merchants and newspapers. There is not a line, and on one side of it religious people are to live, on the other side of it irreligious people may live. In the church, in the family, in the social circle, this one end is constantly to be kept in view: all things are yours, if you are using them for love's service; and only so are they yours.

You have received rare advantages. Your wealth is great, for wealth is in the brain, not in the pocket. It is in the heart and in the thought, not in the dollars. You are, most of you, children of culture and refinement; you have before you large doors of opportunity; some of you will become teachers, some of you wives and mothers, all of you members of society. I want to give to you, then, to-night, this one simple but twofold message: Go out into life to live large lives. Understand that you are called to live large lives. Understand that in entering the Christian Church and taking on yourself the name of Christ you do not take on narrowness and restriction. Christ does not come as the frost comes, to wither the flowers and cause the leaves to fall; he comes as the spring comes, that makes every seed to germinate and every bud to break into blossom. Your life is to be larger and richer and fuller because it is Christ's life. The whole world and all it has, the whole life and all it has, all its opportunities, are yours if you are Christ's. And then death is yours also. Men tell me sometimes that by and by death will come and claim me as its own. Never! And if he does, I will tell him I do not belong to him, that he is mine, I am not his. And if I have lived this life, this large, rich, full, abounding life, when death comes I will reach my hand to welcome him, and thank him for his message that flings

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wide open the door to a larger life and a richer service beyond. All things are yours; but they are all yours to use for love's service, that because you have lived, and loved, and served, and suffered, if need be, society shall be richer, and life shall be nobler, and humanity shall be nearer its God.

Paul at Athens[1]

By Lyman Abbott

And yet he left not himself without witness, in that he did good, and gave you from heaven rains and fruitful seasons, filling your hearts with food and gladness.—Acts xiv., 17.

In this article I shall make no attempt to reproduce the scene: Athens, with its architectural magnificence and its intellectual decay; the people, with their shallow curiosity and their spiritual unconcern; Paul, the one earnest because the one unselfish and faith-endowed man among them, speaking to an audience as dead to spiritual truth as the stone images which surrounded them.[2] Enough for our purpose that it was a city of superstition and agnosticism. The two great schools reached the same substantial conclusion by different roads—an absolute ignorance concerning all spiritual verities. The Stoics were pantheists, in whose thought the world was God; the body was soul; death was absorption of the fragment into the All; reason was the standard; pleasure and pain were indifferent; good and evil, shadows. The Epicureans were materialists, in whose thought there was no God; the universe was an accident; life was a set of chances; the body was man; happiness was the standard; death was dissolution; good and evil, only shadows. Standing before such auditors, he thus addressed them:

Ye men of Athens, in every point of view I see you more than others reverential to the gods. For, passing through and looking about upon the objects of your veneration, I found even an altar on which was inscribed: "To an Unknown God." Whom, therefore, not knowingly ye worship, him declare I unto you. The God who made the world and all things therein, he that is Master of heaven and of earth, not in hand-made temples dwells, neither by hands of men is served, as though he needed any things; he that gives to all life, and breath, and all things;[3] and has made of one blood all the nations of the earth that they may dwell together, having fixed the appointed seasons and limitations of their abode, that they should seek God, if haply they might feel after him and find him, though he be not far from every one of us; for in Him we live, and move, and have our being; certain, also, of your own poets have said, "For we are also his offspring." Forasmuch then as we are the offspring of God, we ought not to think that the Godhead is like unto gold or silver or stone, graven by the art and design of men. Howbeit, the times of ignorance God overlooked, but now commandeth all men everywhere to repent, because he hath appointed a day wherein he will judge the world in righteousness by a Man whom he appointed, whereof he hath given assurance to all in that he hath raised him from the dead.

Thus Paul met the agnosticism of his own age. How would he meet the agnosticism of ours?

He begins by securing a common ground, a common starting-point, for the agnostics and himself. "In every point of view I see you more than others reverential to the gods."[4] He begins with commendation, not with criticism. He excites their sympathy, not their wrath.

We make a great mistake in attempting to controvert error by direct assault. Falsehood is like an earthwork: the more shot are buried in it the stronger it becomes. Crime is always to be reprehended; error not. For under no crime is there virtue; but under every error there is a truth. The Romanist, bowing before the Virgin Mary, worships the motherhood there is in God. The atheist, denying that there is a God, protests against the idolatry which demands worship for our images and pictures of the Deity. A truth-seeker will find some truth in every error, as it is said that chemistry can find some gold in almost every soil. You cannot convince a combatant by conquering him. To denounce errorists is to confirm them in their error; to acknowledge their honesty and earnestness of purpose is the first step toward convincing them. I may not believe that man ascended from an arboreal ancestor of hairy habit and furnished with a tail; but if I am to discuss with an evolutionist, I must find some truth in evolutionism. If I can find none, I am not the man to conduct the discussion. When the rich young ruler came to Christ with the question, "What shall I do to inherit eternal life?" Christ did not pronounce a sermon against justification by works; he told him to keep the commandments, and left him to find out and confess for himself that he lacked something. Denunciation of agnosticism is cheap, easy—and useless.

Paul, starting with commendation, continued in a spirit of generous recognition. Truths are set in antithesis. Agnosticism is a protest against idolatry, and a true protest. It is to-day the protest of a reverential instinct to the theology which has made a phrenological chart of the Almighty and mapped out all his attributes. It was in Athens the protest of an intelligent but unspiritual philosophy against the theology which had mapped him out in stone. We make our idols with the pen; they made theirs with the chisel. Paul put himself with the agnostic: "He that is Master of heaven and of earth dwells not in hand-made temples, neither by human hands is served." He is not bodied forth in hand-made books, neither by human words is he defined. I think if Paul were living to-day and had to meet the agnosticism of the nineteenth century, he would do it by attacking the theological idolatries of the nineteenth century. "I agree with you," he would say. "Can you by searching find out God? No. Can you find out the Almighty to perfection? No. Away, then, with your images of stone and your images on paper; away with your conceptions and ideas of God which are but subtle idols; away with your notion that your service counts for aught, as though He needed anything! Away with your narrow and narrowing thought 'that he dwells in hand-made temples,' and that only those seek him who go to church and accept the preacher's pictures as a photographic likeness!" Their images were not God; our imaginings are not God. God transcends knowledge. Though we know him, he is yet the Unknown.

If Paul were living in our day, he would not ransack the writings of Huxley and Tyndall and Spencer to prove them atheists. He would ransack them for a different purpose. He would try, not to make the worst, but the best, out of them. He who quoted, not Lucretius, but Aratus and Cleanthes, would find evidences of theism, not of atheism, in modern philosophy and modern science. He would not refuse to welcome Mozoomdar because he was not an orthodox Trinitarian; he would look in Matthew Arnold, not for sentences against inspiration, but for sentences witnessing to a living God; he would cite the last page of Huxley's monograph on Hume as a testimony—in some sense an unconscious testimony—to the trustworthiness of spiritual perception; he would find in Herbert Spencer's favorite phrase, the Unknown and the Unknowable, unintentional witness of consciousness to the Infinite One, in whom we all live, and move, and have our being, and whom, therefore, we all recognize in spite of ourselves. He would cull even from Robert Ingersoll, not his worst blasphemies, but his reluctant testimonies to the divine in man and about man. For every man bears witness, in spite of himself, to the Eternal Goodness; and, even when he is arguing that God is not, testifies, by his very language, that God is.

Christian Endeavor Topics, Daily Readings: July 17—Building together (Ezra iv., 1–4); July 18—Taking counsel together (Ex. iv., 27–31); July 19—Going to meeting together (Ps. lv., 14–16); July 20—Talking by the way (Luke xxiv., 13–32); July 21—Fellowship in service (Acts iii., 1–16); July 22—Fellowship of the disciples (Acts ii., 42–47); July 23—Topic: Fellowship in work (Acts xviii., 3; John xvii., 20–26).

[1] International Sunday-School Lesson for July 16, 1893.—Acts xvii., 22–31.

[2] The material for a picture of Athens, both material and mental, may be found in the Bible Dictionaries and the popular Commentaries. See especially Conybeare and Howson's "Life and Epistles of Paul."

[3] For the authority for, and more specific interpretation of, this address, see my Commentary on Acts.

[4] Not, as in our English version, "too superstitious." It is not a criticism. The translation given above is as nearly literal as can well be given.

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Books and Authors

Socialism in America[1]

The author of this book analyzes what he calls the American spirit. This is exclusively the Anglo-Saxon, and pretty much exclusively the New England, spirit. The negroes, the foreigners, the Southrons, contribute nothing of any consequence toward it. This is a spirit of liberty—that is, carefully regulated liberty; equality—that is, equality of opportunity; and fraternity? Well—no! fraternity is a sentiment and does not mean much, except sympathy for the suffering. It is also a spirit of practical conservatism, of individual enterprise, of competition, of public spirit, of optimism. The question which the author then proceeds to consider is, What will a people possessed of this spirit do in the matter of social and industrial change? How far will they be likely to go? We do not regard this as a very important inquiry. It assumes that this American spirit is both infallible and immutable. It is neither. It certainly is not safe, in a discussion of Socialism, to assume that the American spirit is infallible, for the Socialist will frankly reply that he thinks it needs changing and proposes to change it. Nor is it safe to assume that it is immutable. It has already changed a great deal, and is certain to change a great deal more. The American spirit is, after all, only another name for the Zeitgeist, and the Geist is sure to change with the Zeit. Nor does Mr. Gilman seem to us to throw much prophetic light on the question what this American spirit is likely to do with proposals for future social and industrial reform. He uses the Zeitgeist as a convenient standard by which to measure both Individualism and Socialism. He tests Individualism as interpreted by Herbert Spencer and by "A Plea for Liberty," and makes it very clear that the American is not a consistent individualist. He tests Socialism as represented by "Looking Backward," and shows very clearly that the American is not a consistent Nationalist. And then he takes up certain proposed social and industrial reforms and undertakes to consider what the American spirit will do with them. So far as he can see, it will certainly do what it has done, and perhaps will do what it is doing—and nothing more. It will carry the mails, but will not operate the telegraph. It will furnish free school-books, but not free school lunches. It will come to a nine-hour day, but not to an eight-hour day. It will exercise some governmental control over the railroads, but will not own and operate them. It will put the water-works under municipal control, and will allow the gas-works and electric lighting to be put under municipal control, but not the street railways. It will permit local prohibition by town and county, but not State and National prohibition. It will provide opportunities for voluntary arbitration, and possibly will provide compulsory arbitration in the case of railways, but not for other industries. This is history and criticism; but it is not philosophy, much less prophecy. It shows what is and has been, but throws very little light on what is to be. In some respects it is not even abreast of the latest results of experiment. Thus, it proposes the sale of franchises to the highest bidder, in the face of the utter failure of that method to secure any share of the profits of the franchise for the people, as demonstrated by the experience of New York and Brooklyn. It is oblivious of the result of leasing the franchise for a term of years, as illustrated by the experience of Toronto.

Mr. Gilman has undertaken to write one book and has written another. He has undertaken, by a consideration of the American spirit, to determine what measure of so-called Socialistic reform is practicable and advantageous. He has in fact only told us what has been accomplished, and why he thinks some other things cannot be accomplished. What the community wants is some guiding principle or principles by which it can be aided in determining the ever vexed problem how to adjust liberty and organization. That is the problem of the centuries, ever reappearing, at one time in the Church, at another time in the State. Just now it is appearing in industry. Individualism, if it were consistent, which it never is, would preserve liberty and sacrifice all the advantages of organization; it would land us in Rousseau's primitive garden. Socialism, if it were consistent, which outside of romances it rarely is, would preserve the advantages of organization and sacrifice liberty; it would land us in Plato's Republic—or worse. Mr. Gilman's book is, in our judgment, a quite conclusive demonstration that neither solution is satisfactory; and there are probably some readers who need this demonstration. But the question still remains how to adjust the two so as to give an organized and ordered liberty. Mr. Gilman can see nothing but opportunism. Opportunism is empiricism, and empiricism is not science. What the community wants is a principle, or some principles, which it may apply in determining what is just and what feasible. Individualism offers such a principle—but one we believe to be unsound—in its declaration that the only function of government is to govern. Socialism offers such a principle—which we also believe to be unsound—in its motto, From every one according to his ability, to every one according to his needs. But there are some other principles, not quite so high-sounding, which light the pathway toward the future. Paul enunciates one in the law, Masters, give unto your servants that which is just and equal. That law and the economic law, Labor is a commodity to be bought in the cheapest market, are mutually destructive of each other. Christ enunciates one in the law, He that is greatest among you, let him be servant of all. We theoretically recognize this in politics, but we repudiate it in industry. Professor Ely, in application of these laws, has enunciated one which we believe is probably the first one for the community to understand and execute: All natural monopolies must be under the control of the people. Stephenson enunciated one which even yet is but dimly understood by students and writers on this subject: Wherever combination is possible, competition is impossible. Jevons has enunciated one which, if accepted and acted on, would revolutionize all organizations, whether of labor or of capital: Combinations should be perpendicular, not horizontal; that is, not of all laborers in competition with all capitalists, but of one set of laborers in combination with one set of capitalists, competing with another combination of laborers and capitalists. We cannot but wish that Mr. Gilman had brought his large knowledge—and it is large—to bear in elucidating some of these fundamental principles of the industrial order, instead of contenting himself, and trying to content his readers, with an endeavor to fix on what is to be by simply describing what has been and is.

[1] *Socialism and the American Spirit.* By Nicholas Paine Gilman. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston.

A New Work on Wagner

Mr. Henry T. Finck, who has for many years preached the gospel of all that is truly progressive in music, has issued, through Charles Scribner's Sons, two stout volumes entitled "Wagner and His Works." Mr. Finck has long been known as an earnest disciple of the Bayreuth master; and his fearless advocacy of Wagner, the courage with which he has put forth his views even when these were directly opposed to convictions of long standing, and his trenchant literary style, have made his musical criticisms in the "Evening Post" as effective as they have been interesting. No musical critic has done so much to advance the cause of Wagner in America; for Mr. Finck was a Wagnerian proselyter when certain critics who are now posing as the great and only original Wagnerites were still in their symphonic swaddling-clothes. Mr. Finck's writings are usually entirely untechnical, and perhaps few of his readers are aware how well he is equipped technically, because he does not bore them by constantly parading his book-learning before them. But he studied music at Harvard under Professor Paine, and doubtless knows a tritonus when he sees it as well as those pedantic critics who never fail to let the public know that they have discovered one. In brief, Mr. Finck's musical criticism does not contain matter which interests neither lay nor professional musician because the former cannot understand it and the latter

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already knows all about it. Mr. Finck's literary activity is not confined to music. He is the author of several interesting books of travel and of the well-known "Romantic Love and Personal Beauty." His intellectual equipment in other branches than music enables him to treat his subject in the spirit of a man of general culture who has a special knowledge of music, and thus gives these volumes a charm which the work of a critic whose mind runs in musical ruts only could not attain.

The groundwork of Mr. Finck's volumes on Wagner is biographical, the discussions of his theories and his works being interspersed in proper chronological order. In this biography Mr. Finck has brought together the most interesting portion of a great deal of material which heretofore existed only in separate form—*e. g.*, the letters to Liszt, Uhlig, Fischer, and F. Heine, Praeger's "Wagner as I Knew Him," and fifteen important letters to Frau Wille, printed in 1887 in the "Deutsche Rundschau." The strictly biographical portion is, however, far more than a mere compilation or a mere recital of events. The matter is so arranged and commented upon that we have Wagner's character shown us. It is a pleasanter character than those who have judged the man from hearsay only might have expected; but from what the writer of this notice saw of Wagner at several gatherings in Bayreuth, and has heard from those who knew him well, he had many amiable traits. Some will perhaps criticise Mr. Finck for having devoted so much space to quotations from hostile criticisms and personal abuse of Wagner. Hanslick, who was the head of the anti-Wagnerite clan, and thus scored one of the greatest failures on record, deserves to be quoted, because his charming literary style has given him, however unduly, a prominent position among German musical critics. But the prominence which many whom the author quotes have attained is the kind which is enjoyed by the cur that barks at a noble St. Bernard. Yet these criticisms serve a useful purpose. They show that if, as his enemies claimed, Wagner was at war with the musical world, it was the musical world which first threw down the gauntlet.

In depicting Wagner's character the author naturally devotes considerable space to the composer's relations with his first wife, Wilhelmine or Minna Planer, an actress, whom he married in 1836. Mr. Finck has gathered a number of interesting opinions concerning Minna. Richard Pohl, after praising her as "a faithful, self-sacrificing wife, who bore with him long and devotedly all cares and privations," adds, "But she was a prosaic, domestic woman, who never understood her husband." An eye-witness, Friedrich Pecht, after speaking of her as "pretty" and "most amiable," says that "Yet, after all, hers was a sober, unimaginative soul, entirely devoted to her husband . . . but without a conception of his greatness." If Wagner, with the world against him, needed recognition anywhere, he needed it in his own home. Yet here apparently he never got what he, like every other artist, most longed for. Fourteen years after the production of "Rienzi," Minna asked Praeger, "Now, honestly, is Richard such a great genius?" On another occasion, when Wagner was bitterly animadverting on his treatment by the public, she said, "Well, Richard, why don't you write something for the gallery?" It can readily be imagined how such a suggestion must have galled Wagner. In regard to his readiness to borrow and receive presents of money, which greatly distressed her, he tried to convince her that "Whoever helps me only helps my art through me, and the sacred cause for which I am fighting." But this point of view entirely escaped her. "To her," says Mr. Finck, "it seemed vastly more important that he should preserve his social respectability by writing pot-boilers, and not accepting money-presents, than that he should create unremunerative works of genius for the edification of future generations." Yet for twenty-five years this ill-mated couple lived together, and when the final separation came it caused Wagner great grief, and, according to Tappert, an intimate friend of Wagner's, "the Meister himself held the memory of his first wife in great honor; it annoyed him to read disparaging allusions to Minna." He contributed liberally to her support after their separation, and a few weeks before she died (in 1866) she wrote a letter, which did her great credit, in which she denied the charge trumped up against her husband that, while himself reveling in luxury, he had allowed her to starve. Poor Minna! What an irony of fate that this estimable woman, who would have made such a capital wife for some grocer or butcher or other honest tradesman, should have been mated to one of the greatest men of genius the world has ever known!

Mr. Finck thus sums up the case: "The world is apt to side with the woman in a case like this, especially if her partner is of the *irritabile genus*, a man of genius. No doubt Minna had much to endure, and deserves all our pity; but that her husband is not alone to blame in this matter is shown by the extremely happy and contented life he led with his second wife."

We have gone somewhat at length into this episode because its treatment gives a very good idea of Mr. Finck's method of gathering new material, grouping it effectively, and finally giving the case to the jury—his readers. The general outlines of Wagner's life are pretty well known, but the author has filled them in with many details new to English readers at least, and thus given us a biography which is a fascinating character-study of the man and at the same time a trenchant polemic for his works.

History of the Christian Church. By Philip Schaff, D.D., LL.D. Vol. VII. Modern Christianity: The Swiss Reformation. (Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.) "This volume concludes the history of the productive period of the Reformation in which Luther, Zwingli, and Calvin were the different actors. It follows the Protestant movement in German, Italian, and French Switzerland to the close of the sixteenth century." A certain pathetic interest attaches to this volume, because it was interrupted suddenly by a stroke of paralysis at Lake Mohonk last summer. The author's health has, however, been so far restored that, with the aid of a friend, he has been able to complete it, and he looks forward in the hope that he may be able to bring the History of the Christian Church down to the present time, according to his original plan. Professor Schaff is a natural historian; that is, his instinct and spirit are historical rather than dogmatic or controversial. He is not imaginative, but he has that power of intellectual imagination which enables him to put himself in the place of other thinkers and to get their point of view. History is also to him a course of development. His book is, therefore, not a mere record of opinions measured by a standard of his own, but is really an account of the development of Christian faith and life. As an illustration, we note his tracing of the modern doctrine of infant salvation to Zwingli, and through Zwingli to the ancient Greek fathers. A considerable portion of his book is taken up with an exposition of Calvin and his theology. The contrast between Calvin and Augustine he declares to be that Augustine would not have believed in the Gospel were it not for the Church, and Calvin would not have believed in the Church were it not for the Gospel. With the Lutheran and Augustinian system, the Calvinistic rests redemption on the doctrine of the universal damnation of the whole human race on the sole ground of Adam's sin. Dr. Schaff's characterization of Augustinianism and Calvinism reminds us of the more eloquent but less judicial characterization afforded by James Martineau in his "Types of Ethical Theory." A chapter discusses at some length, and in a judicial spirit, the tragical burning of Servetus, and, in that connection, truthfully describes the intolerance of the age, both Catholic and Protestant. We do not believe that the student will find anywhere else, in so brief a compass, so good an exposition of Calvinism as in the latter half of this volume.

The Year-Book of Science—1893. Edited for 1892 by Professor T. G. Bonney. (Dodd, Mead & Co., New York.) Although the title on the outside of the book reads 1893, this is, of course, a summary of the world's work in science for 1892. Such summaries are a real necessity, and the one before us shows evidence of much work. The specialists who have assisted in its production are among the great scientists of Great Britain. The work, being done by different men, naturally varies in its grade. It seems hardly fair to criticise the latest department added to the scope of the work—anthropology—but it is the one to which we first turned, and is very meager. Seven papers only are summarized, and those represent only two journals—"L'Anthropologie" and the "Journal of the Anthropological Society of Great Britain and Ireland." Apparently Germany, Italy, America, did nothing in that field during 1892. We are assured, however,

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that this department will be enlarged if the book succeeds. It is but fair to say that the other departments are fuller. Physics, as is natural, has the greatest development, and chemistry and geology seem to be adequately treated. Biology is treated under animal and botanical subdivisions, with occasional references to American workers. It is not clear why Professor Bonney places anthropology as a sub-section under geology and mineralogy, and some might ask why bacteriology is inserted under animal biology. While it is easy to make little criticisms upon any such work, we gladly add that, as a whole, it is well done.

The Poetic Works of John Gay do not form a very important addition to The Muses' Library, but it is doubtful if that collection will contain anything more readable. Gay's pen had a wonderful lightness. He was never impassioned or inspired, but he was possessed of a keen sense of humor and a delightful faculty of saying a happy thing in a felicitous way. He belongs among the group of men who are sometimes called the Little Masters. His first poem appeared in 1709, and he belonged, therefore, in what is known as the Augustan Age of English poetry. When "Rural Sports" appeared, in 1713, Dr. Johnson "damned it with faint praise" by saying of it that it was never contemptible and never excellent. The remark was characteristic, not only in its well-balanced expression of judgment, but also in its failure to recognize some very excellent qualities of versification. It is in his narrative work that Gay is found at his best, and his Fables are undoubtedly the most popular and widely read of all his works. In his own time, as everybody knows, the "Beggars' Opera" had a great success, and brought him, not only the kind of attention he cared for, but also very large financial returns. This edition, which is in two volumes, like its predecessors in the same series, is very compactly and substantially made, and the editorial work appears to have been done with thorough competency and care. (Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.)

Sermons on the Old Testament, by S. R. Driver, D.D., are in reality rather essays than sermons. It is Dr. Driver's purpose to show the constructive side of his thought, and that the value and power of the Bible have not been robbed by historical criticism. It is, indeed, doubtful to us if devout souls were at any time ever moved by ideas of authority and verbal inspiration as much as by the intrinsic truth of the holy writings. Therefore it is probable that not religion as much as theology changes attitude by reason of critical scholarship. The relation of the Bible and human souls is in stable equilibrium. Therefore Dr. Driver, nor any other, need feel surprise that, after all our fears about higher criticism, the practical conditions of salvation appear to remain unaltered. If this be true, the need for apology is not great, and should be addressed to polemical opponents rather than to devout Christian believers. (Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.)

The Simple Adventures of a Memsahib is the attractive title of a book by Sara Jeannette Duncan, whose "American Girl in London" and "Social Departure" are among the cleverest combinations of travel-talk and fiction ever written. The present book follows something the same lines in a new field. It tells with great vivacity and humor the life of a young married couple in India. The peculiarities of native servants, the mysteries of housekeeping, the amenities and little jars of Anglo-Indian society, the curiosities of shopping and traveling, the varieties of visiting globe-trotters—all these and countless other odds and ends of the Far East are served up in an acceptable and amusing fashion. Mr. F. H. Townsend's illustrations are sometimes quite effective and sometimes rather queer. (D. Appleton & Co., New York.)

Readers of The Outlook have not forgotten Miss Anna Fuller's admirable character-studies in the "Pratt Portraits," sketches full of keen insight and marked by delicate and accurate characterization. From the same hand comes a vivacious and taking little story, *A Literary Courtship*, the scene of which is laid in Colorado, and one great charm of which is the very effective reproduction of the Colorado atmosphere. The story is light, it is frankly and at times bluntly told, and is in an entirely different vein from Miss Fuller's earlier book. The breezy element which runs through it was perhaps caught in the atmosphere in which it was written, for it is certainly a very unconventional bit of writing. That is its charm. (G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. $1.)

Laws and Properties of Matter. By R. T. Glazebrook. Modern Science Series. (D. Appleton & Co., New York.) Of this book the author in his preface says: "It aims at making clear, to one who wishes to understand something of physics, the meaning of the terms applied to matter, and the principal properties it possesses." The scope of the work is sufficiently indicated by the title and this quotation. No doubt Mr. Glazebrook has done the work as well as any one would, but it is difficult to see just who need it. A text-book, on the one hand, and a handy pocket book of mathematics applied in physics, on the other, meet a need. But a combination of the two, with an attempt at readable style, is scarcely likely to be popular.

Val-Maria: A Romance of the Time of Napoleon I., by Mrs. Lawrence Turnbull, is a singularly beautiful book in its printing. Indeed, it is a pretty, touching, and tender little tale. The character of Felix, the boy sculptor, is a highly spiritualized ideal—an etherealized boy, who dies quite young, after having completed a bust of Napoleon as that hero existed in his pure and holy imagination. The Emperor is covered with shame and confusion, as he deserved, when he looks upon it and realizes how far below that ideal he is sunken. (J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia.)

Literary Notes

—Four pages in "The Critic" of July 1 are devoted to an illustrated account of the exhibits of the leading American publishing houses at the World's Fair.

—The average English sale of Henry Drummond's several works is 100,000 copies. The English editions are sold at 1*s.*, except "Natural Law" and "Tropical Africa," which are published at 3*s.* 6*d.*

—Mr. William H. Goodyear has finished work on the proofs of an illustrated History of Roman and Mediæval Art, for the Chautauqua Reading Circle. The first edition of twenty-five thousand copies is now in press.

—A tablet was recently set up in the cottage at Netherstowney in which Coleridge one hundred years ago wrote his best-known verse, including "The Ancient Mariner." Ernest Hartley Coleridge, grandson of the poet, read a paper.

—It is stated in the London "Academy" that the American subscription to the Shelley Memorial amounts to seventy-two pounds more than a fourth of the total sum received. The amount in all is insufficient to carry out the original scheme, which was to establish a Shelley Library and Museum at Horsham. It is now proposed to use the money in founding a Shelley annual prize for English literature at the Horsham Grammar School.

—Lord Coleridge, in his presidential address at the Salt Schools, Saltaire, England, not long ago, told this story. Browning lent him one of his works to read, and afterward, meeting the poet, the Lord Chief Justice said to him: "What I could understand I heartily admired, and parts ought to be immortal; but as to much of it I really could not tell whether I admired it or not, because for the life of me I could not understand it." Browning replied: "If a reader of your caliber understands ten per cent. of what I write, I think I ought to be content."

Books Received

D. APPLETON & CO., NEW YORK

Linn, Thomas, M.D. The Health Resorts of Europe. $1.50.
Stebbing, Rev. T. R. R. A History of Crustacea. $2.
Needell, Mrs. J. H. Lucia, Hugh, and Another. $1.
Ebers, Georg. Story of my Life. $1.25.

THE BAKER & TAYLOR CO., NEW YORK

Dixon, Rev. A. C. Milk and Meat. (Twenty-four Sermons.) $1.25.
Guirey, Rev. George. The Hallowed Day. $1.25.
Strong, Rev. Josiah, D.D. The New Era. 75 cts.

FORDS, HOWARD & HULBERT, NEW YORK

Beecher, Henry Ward. Original Plymouth Pulpit Sermons. New Edition. (Ten volumes in five.) Volume IV.—Sept., 1871-Sept., 1872. For set, five volumes, $12.50, net.

GINN & CO., BOSTON

Newcomer, Alphonso G. A Practical Course in English Composition. 90 cts.
Hapgood, Olive C. School Needlework. 60 cts.

HARPER & BROS., NEW YORK

Bishop, William Henry. A House-Hunter in Europe. $1.50.
Brackett, Anna C. Woman and the Higher Education. $1.
Creevey, Caroline A. Recreations in Botany. $1.50.
Doyle, A. Conan. The Refugees. $1.75.
Hutton, Laurence. Edwin Booth. 50 cts.

HENRY HOLT & CO., NEW YORK

Scudder, Samuel H. Guide to Butterflies. $1.25.
Scudder, Samuel H. The Life of a Butterfly. $1.

MACMILLAN & CO., NEW YORK

Brontë, Charlotte. Shirley. 2 Vols. $2.
Lee, Sidney. Dictionary of National Biography. $3.75.
Saunders, Bailey. The Maxims and Reflections of Goethe.
Scott, Sir Walter, Bart. Ivanhoe. $1.25.
Crawford, F. Marion. Pietro Ghisleri. $1.

G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS, NEW YORK

Newhall, Charles S. The Shrubs of Northeastern America. $2.50.
Irving, Washington. The Life and Voyages of Christopher Columbus. $1.75.
Sunderland, Jabez T. The Bible: Its Origin, Growth, and Character. $1.50.
Post, Waldron K. Harvard Stories. $1.25.
Gallaudet, S. D. Charley: A Village Story. 75 cts.

CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS, NEW YORK

Stories of the South. 50 cts.
Cheyne, T. K. Founders of Old Testament Criticism. (Imported.) $2.
Cruttwell, Charles T. A Literary History of Early Christianity. (Imported.) 2 Vols. $6.
Woman's Mission. (Papers on the Philanthropic Work of Women.) Edited by the Baroness Burdett-Coutts. (Imported.) $3.50.

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The Religious World

New Doctors of Divinity It has seemed to us as if our colleges were conferring fewer honorary degrees this year than usual, and we hope that the number will be still more diminished, until the degree has a distinct and definite meaning, which at present it does not have. The presumption is, in this country, that, whatever his knowledge of theology, almost every minister is a D.D. The honor in the degree has been almost lost, and now, in many instances, the conferring of it is little better than a farce. However, some of our older colleges, and of our younger colleges also, are known to be so conservative in this respect that a degree from them is still more than an empty form. We have been much pleased with the announcements which have been made in three of our American colleges. The Rev. B. Fay Mills, by his achievements in practical divinity, surely is entitled to the recognition of his unique abilities which has been offered him by Iowa College. The achievements of the Rev. Benjamin W. Bacon, of Oswego, in critical scholarship are worthy of the attention which they have received from Adelbert University; and Yale University has honored itself in conferring the degree upon the Rev. Hiram Bingham, the well-known missionary; the Rev. Henry A. Stimson, of the Broadway Tabernacle; the Rev. George A. Gordon, of the Old South Church, Boston, and on the last lecturer in its Lyman Beecher course, the brilliant and marvelously enthusiastic and inspiring Rev. Robert F. Horton, of London. The honor in Dr. Gordon's case is all the greater in view of the fact that he himself is a graduate and an enthusiastic champion of Harvard. Some further comment on the college degrees of the year will be found in The Week.

Unitarianism at Andover Once More The Outlook always means to be entirely just in its treatment of those whom it reports, and consequently is sorry to have seemed in the slightest degree unfair to the young men in the graduating class at Andover who have decided to become Unitarian. The conversation reported in The Religious World of June 10 mentioned no name, and is still believed by us to have been correctly reported. The person referred to, however, feels that injustice has been done, that he was made to seem to cast a slur upon Professor Smyth when nothing of the kind was intended; also to indicate that Professor Harris was not in sympathy with progressive movements in theology. Mr. Fairchild's letter will be found on another page. He closes his very manly statement with these words: "It is not true that I go to the Unitarian Church because Andover is too narrow; I go since my belief is not Trinitarian. The Church of my youth will not allow me to speak my word to the people; in the Unitarian Church one can stand openly, without fear of the heresy-hunter, for that which he believes to be true." We are very glad to give Mr. Fairchild's statement, and also to bear witness that we have never heard the slightest reflection upon his manliness in the course which he has taken. If in our previous mention of this matter we misstated some of the minor details of his position, we are sure from his own words (published with his permission) that we did not either misunderstand or misrepresent his general position. He has *not* been led toward Unitarianism by the Professors at Andover—that is the point which we wished to make plain. As to the special charge which he brings against Congregational churches, we have only to say that not many years will pass before he will find that narrowness is the monopoly of no denomination, and that bigotry is often quite intense among those who most severely denounce it.

The World's Temperance Congress All the proceedings of the Temperance Congress which was held in Chicago in June were of very great interest, but the most helpful of all the addresses which we have read was that on the subject of "Coffee-Houses," by Joseph Bentley, of Bradford, England. The originator of the Coffee-House movement is said to have been Mr. Simon Short. A saloon-keeper refused to supply tea and cocoa to laborers employed in the construction of a railway, and that induced Mr. Short to open a building for the sale of temperance drinks and refreshments. At the close of the great Moody and Sankey mission in Liverpool a few years ago it was proposed that something should be done to keep the dock laborers out of the saloons. That was the second step in the progress of the movement. The work has prospered wonderfully in Liverpool, where the one large company has sixty-four coffee-houses. It is equally successful in many other cities, as Bradford, Bristol, and Birmingham, and has extended throughout the Kingdom. Probably the coffee-house movement has done more than any other single agency to diminish intemperance. A few simple rules are observed. The houses are always on the ground floor, and on corners if possible; the food and drink served are always of the best quality, while the prices are low; and they are entirely unconnected with any appearance of religion. Scripture texts, Biblical mottoes, offensive signs, are all unknown. The houses are almost all commercial successes. We make the following quotation from Mr. Bentley's paper. He says:

> Its rapid growth may be judged by the amount of capital which it is estimated is invested in coffee-houses, temperance restaurants, and hotels in Great Britain and Ireland. The sum probably exceeds two millions of pounds sterling, the number of establishments 7,000, and the persons directly employed, 56,000.
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> The work is mainly carried on by joint-stock companies incorporated on the limited liability principle, and managed by directors of high character, representing all sections of society, politics, and religion. Most of these companies pay a uniform dividend of ten per cent. per annum on the invested capital, besides making ample provision for repairs, renewals, and depreciation; in many cases also setting apart a substantial sum out of the profits to be divided among the employees as bonus. The average dividend paid, as far as can be ascertained, has been about eight per cent.
>
> Evening attractions are made a special study. Newspapers and periodicals are on the tables, a piano is a requisite piece of furniture; in some cases concerts, entertainments, and debates are arranged. Games of skill, such as chess, draughts, and billiards, are provided and encouraged, for here they can be practiced apart from drink, gambling, profanity, and bad company, with which they are too often associated elsewhere.

Christian Philosophy Summer School We have before us the prospectus of the seventeenth Summer School of Christian Philosophy. It will be held at Prohibition Park, Staten Island, July 6–12. The range of topics to be considered is broad and instructive, and arranged according to a definite and easily discernible plan. The course is to be opened by Professor Wright, of Oberlin; subject, "The Bible: Have its Claims as the Word of God been Invalidated by Science?" Dr. Osgood, of Rochester Theological Seminary, will discuss "The Claims of the Bible as the Word of God, and whether they have been Invalidated by the Higher Criticism." "Has the Biblical Doctrine of Inspiration been Invalidated?" will be presented by Dr. Warfield, of Princeton; while Dr. Burrell will try to show "How the Doctrine of Inspiration can be made Helpful in the Christian Life." Dr. Bashford, of Ohio Wesleyan University, will show "What Christianity Promises to Man and Society." The sermons on Sunday will be preached by the Rev. Dr. Gregory, late President of Lake Forest University, and the Rev. Dr. George Alexander, of New York. "Sociology: Its Definition and Content" will be the subject of a lecture by the Rev. Dr. Scovel, of Worcester College, Ohio. "The Body and Will; or, The Relation of Heredity and Environment to Individual Character" will be treated by Dr. A. H. Bradford, of Montclair. The Rev. R. A. Torrey, Superintendent of the Moody Institute in Chicago, will speak of "The Needs, Methods, Results, and Outlook of City Evangelization." Commander Ballington Booth will conduct the evening services July 11; July 12, President Andrews, of Brown University, will lecture on "The Origin and Obligation of Wealth;" and the same day Mr. Henry George will speak of "The Attitude of Christianity Towards Social Movements." All who attend will greatly miss the genial and inspiring presence and words of the President of the Institute, the Rev. Dr. Deems. He and this School have been inseparable, but his recent illness will doubtless prevent his attendance at its next sessions. Dr. Deems has worked for this Institute with tireless fidelity, and to him more than to any other man is due the credit for the great work which it has accomplished.

Dr. F. E. Clark The Outlook desires to extend its congratulations to the Rev. Dr. F. E. Clark, father of the Christian Endeavor movement, on the successful completion of his great tour around the world. Since he left New York he has traveled about forty thousand miles,

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and addressed Christian Endeavor Societies in nearly every part of the world. He found representatives of his Society in all heathen lands, and that the Society itself was growing rapidly in England, Scotland, and Australia, as well as on the mission fields. His experience in Turkey was a novel one. In answer to a reporter from the New York "Tribune" he said:

It was in Turkey that I had many encounters with the censors. I was cautioned not to use the words "union," "fellowship," "organization," "society," and "endeavor." In fact, I was warned not to use any expression that would convey the idea of united action. The Government does not want the people to get any such idea as that. Why, they even forbade the use of a certain geography which spoke of the union of two rivers. They stopped the circulation of a tract treating of the story of Esther because it was entitled "Trouble in the Palace." The censors of the press said that "trouble" and "palace" were not to be mentioned in the same connection. They were much exercised over a tract which said "Christ came into the world to save sinners." They ordered a revised edition to be printed which had "Christian" before the word "sinners," so that the subjects of the Sultan would not get the impression that Christ came into the world to save Turkish sinners.

Heresy in Canada

The Presbyterian Church in Canada has a heresy case on its hands; it was briefly referred to last week in our special correspondent's report of the Canadian General Assembly. Professor John Campbell, of Montreal College, in a recent lecture at Queen's College, Kingston, took for his subject, "The Perfect Book, or the Perfect Father?" A sentence or two will show Dr. Campbell's position: "It is of infinitely more importance to believe in an infallible God than in an infallible Book; the latter is vulgar idolatry. When I come to investigate this Book I find that those to whom God spake at 'sundry times and in divers manners' had very different and contradictory views of God. The divine perfections set forth in the New Testament declare the untruthfulness of the statements in the Old," etc. As a result of this lecture the Presbytery of Maitland overtured the General Assembly concerning the erroneous teaching of the Professor, and the Assembly adopted the following:

The General Assembly, deeply impressed with the importance of the matter which has been brought before it by the overture of the Presbytery of Maitland, and sincerely alive to the importance of sound teaching in all our schools of theology, commends the zeal of the Presbytery in the action it has taken, but, inasmuch as the Assembly has learned that the case is under the consideration of the Presbytery of Montreal, decides to take no action, but allow the Presbytery to proceed in the constitutional way in dealing with it.

It is understood that Professor Campbell has no thought of resigning his position, and it is said that when t'.e Presbytery meets in July it will have no alternative but his suspension or deposition. He is described as a man of "superior abilities and eminent attainments." Evidently the Presbyterians in Canada, like those in the United States, are not to be allowed to isolate themselves from the Christian scholarship of the rest of the world.

Miss Hume's Work in New Orleans

Recently The Outlook gave an account of the institutional work of the Central Congregational Church of New Orleans. Our paragraph has elicited from Miss Hume, who is practically at the head of the church, a very interesting letter concerning what is being done, from which we make a few extracts. She says: "So far as I am aware, this is the first and only *missionary* institutional church. Any one who knows how rapidly the negro since the war has drifted into every form of vice, while keeping up the semblance of religion, must realize that a great mission awaits any church which, standing for a life of righteousness, can have the means and appliances for work among the masses. Twenty-one years ago a large edifice came into the hands of the American Missionary Association. It was a deserted Presbyterian church. Within less than a year the A. M. A. accepted a suggestion that the institutional idea should be tried in this building." The work was attempted by the Society on condition that Miss Hume should personally inaugurate and direct it, at the same time raising the needed funds. The pastor of the church, a colored man, is commended in the highest terms by Miss Hume, whose technical position is that of assistant pastor. "Since the alterations have been made there are in the building an auditorium seating 1,200, a young men's parlor, a Dorcastry, which serves as a dining-room where the Gospel Suppers are served, a kitchen, a reading-room, and pastor's study. In connection with this church are all manner of useful societies, like the Brotherhood of Andrew and Philip, a Boys' Brigade, a Sewing-School, a Young Women's Club, etc. Miss Hume says that the task before Mr. Whittaker and herself is sufficient for three or four workers. Just when she is most needed at the front the Association was compelled to call her North to raise money. In order that the church might not suffer, Dr. Dickinson, of the Berkeley Temple, Boston, has pledged the money for the coming year if Miss Hume is allowed to remain at her post. But Dr. Dickinson ought not to be allowed to bear all that burden. Others are equally interested with him in keeping that noble woman in the place where she is evidently most needed. We repeat that we heartily commend this church. Any desiring to assist should send their gifts to Mr. H. W. Hubbard, Treasurer of the A. M. A., Bible House, New York City, always being careful to state that it is for the benefit of the Central Church work in New Orleans.

The Opening of a Hospital in China

The forms which missionary activity assumes are as numerous as the needs of humanity. We have been much interested in noticing an account in a recent issue of the "Christian Advocate" of the opening of Wiley General Hospital, Kucheng, China. The services attending this important event must have been very impressive. One missionary describes the work as it is to-day in contrast with the opposition of twenty years ago, when the headquarters of the Methodist Missionary Society, as well as of the English Church Society, were demolished and the missionaries driven away. Now a large number of converts are reported, and in addition to the church is a beautiful hospital building. It is named after Bishop Wiley, who was once a missionary in China, but who was compelled, because of his health, to return to this country, and who, after his return and a long and honored service at home, was made a Bishop in 1872. The work in China was always especially dear to his heart. This hospital is not intended to be entirely a charity, for all who can pay their own expenses will be required to do so, and yet, as many will need prolonged treatment who will not be able to pay for it, an appeal is made to the Methodist Episcopal Church of the United States for the endowment of beds at twenty dollars a year. The missionaries in all lands have found that they have great power over the natives, as they are able to prove that they are interested in their temporal as well as their eternal welfare, and this hospital will doubtless many times increase the efficiency of the noble men whose service has already been so greatly blessed in that far-away missionary field. The Master linked preaching and healing in his address to his disciples. In all our missionary stations three lines of work are almost always carried on at the same time—the spiritual, the educational, and the medical; and all are required in order that any one department may be properly equipped.

Christian Work in Tacoma

We have just read a report of the second annual meeting of the Congregational churches and ministers held in Tacoma May 30 and 31. The mention of that name, Tacoma, brings back the condition of things which prevailed there less than twenty years ago. It was the privilege of the writer of this paragraph to assist in the formation of the First Congregational Church of that city. At that time Tacoma consisted of about fifty tents, twenty slab cabins, and one hotel, which had been built by the railroad. The meeting was held in a tent, the light was furnished by candles stuck into pieces of wood, there was no floor, and we sat on slab seats around a slab table. In less than two decades Tacoma has grown into one of the most beautiful cities in the Union, and we read of a religious convention being held there, discussing such subjects as "Congregationalism, Historic and Ideal;" "The Bible the Basis of Dogma;" "Inspiration;" "The Problem of the Weaker City Churches," and others equally pertinent. The Association was not only for talk but also for action, for on the 29th of May one of the meetings was used for wiping out the debt which has long crippled the First Church of that city. The pastor of that church is the Rev. L. H. Hallock, D.D., recently a pastor in Maine, who has exchanged a pastorate in the Northeast State of the Union for one in the Northwest State. The growth of Tacoma has been fully equaled by that of Seattle, and those beautiful cities, in full view of Mount Tacoma and the

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splendors of Puget Sound, will, in the near future, play a large part in the development of a civilization which will be quite as fine and quite as enduring as that of the interior and New England. In that Northwest region the churches are strong and aggressive, and have nobly resisted the materializing tendencies of a new country, until now the district about Puget Sound is almost as much like the ideal New England as that around Boston Harbor and Casco Bay.

St. John's College, Shanghai, China

An interesting description of the new buildings of St. John's College in Shanghai appeared in the "Churchman" of June 24. We do not find very much concerning the institution itself, but an idea of that can be formed by the massive and beautiful building which is to be its home. The structure will be 135 feet wide by 200 long. The front will be relieved by a massive tower, rising to the height of four stories. The idea of the architect seems to have been to combine many of the distinctive features of the old Oxford and Cambridge quadrangles with Chinese architectural characteristics. The building will have two large open courts, which will be separated by a long room which will probably be used as a gymnasium. When one looks upon the really beautiful illustration of the building, it seems incredible that the cost will be but $15,000. This is explained by the fact that labor in China costs but a few cents a day. The buildings are designed to accommodate one hundred and twenty-five students. Their presence will be a sufficient answer to the question as to whether missions are a failure; and they will be a mute appeal to the Nation by whose gifts they are erected to see to it that the Government at home does not, by its unjust discriminations against the Chinese, undo all the good work which the missionaries accomplish abroad.

Gleanings

—Dr. Reuen Thomas, of Brookline, Mass., is again to preach in the City Temple, London, during the whole of his summer vacation.

—The Rev. Dr. Charles Augustus Hay, Professor of Greek in the Lutheran Theological Seminary at Gettysburg, died last week, at the age of seventy-three.

—The Rev. D. C. John, D.D., pastor of the Wauwatosa (Wis.) Methodist Episcopal Church, has accepted the presidency of Clark University, at Atlanta, Ga.

—Woman's work in India has made great progress. There are now 711 women—foreign and Eurasian—missionaries in India. These have access to 40,513 zenanas, and have 62,414 girl pupils in the mission schools.

—The Rev. Dr. Joseph J. Synnott, of Seton Hall College, South Orange, was among the number who received the honorary degree of Master of Arts from Yale, on Wednesday. Dr. Synnott is, we believe, the first Roman Catholic priest to be thus honored by Yale.

—The Rev. Hugh Price Hughes and the Rev. Mark Guy Pearse, the well-known English Wesleyan clergymen, have, a cable dispatch states, decided to withdraw from the ministry. Mr. Hughes intends to enter political life. The Rev. Mr. Pearse, who is wealthy, will return to private life.

—Reports from London, England, state that the Rev. G. F. Pentecost, D.D., having been formally admitted to the Presbyterian ministry, has entered on the pastorate at Marylebone Church. A crowded and enthusiastic meeting was recently held in the church to welcome the new minister.

—The Rev. Dr. William Charles Roberts, senior Corresponding Secretary of the Presbyterian Church, has been invited to Alabama for an informal conference with some of the leading Southern Presbyterians, looking to a reunion of the North and South branches of the Presbyterian Church.

—A conference has been suggested of Congregationalists, Christians or Disciples, and Free Baptists, to propose a basis for a practical alliance between the three denominations, the proposed basis to be submitted to the representative bodies of each denomination for discussion and possible ratification.

—The Rev. Joseph B. Cheshire, Jr., rector at Charlotte, N. C., has been elected Assistant Bishop of the Protestant Episcopal Church for the Diocese of North Carolina. Mr. Cheshire was born in Tarboro', N. C., in 1850, and graduated from Trinity College in 1870. He studied law, and practiced several years. He has been rector at Charlotte since 1883.

—In our issue of May 20 appeared an article with the caption Mallalieu Seminary, by President George M. Hamlen. The writer omitted to give his present address. All persons desiring to correspond in reference to the present necessities of this school among the poor whites of the South will please address the President, the Rev. George M. Hamlen, D.D., Fall River, Mass.

—At a special meeting of the Board of Trustees of the Syrian Society of the City of New York, held on June 26, the following resolution was unanimously adopted:

> The Trustees of the Syrian Society of the City of New York learn with deep regret of the sudden death of the Rev. Dr. Edward P. Thwing, their fellow-Trustee and First Vice-President, while in active labor in his mission field in Canton, China. Dr. Thwing was one of the founders of this Society, and it was due to his active interest and efforts that the Society was organized.
>
> The Trustees feel that they lose in him a personal friend. They recall his unconquerable energy, his unfailing kindliness and interest, and his devoted Christian character. They extend their heartfelt sympathy to his family in their great bereavement.

—Newspaper dispatches from San Francisco say: "Advices from Chung King, China, give particulars of a riot in Sechuan, in which some foreign missionaries had a narrow escape. The riot occurred at a mission out-station on the Yangtse River, above Chung King. Misses Anderson, Ramsay, and Southall were visiting at the mission. Without any warning, on the evening of May 15, a mob, incited by students, attacked the mission building and destroyed the front of the building, meantime showering the vilest abuses on the ladies. The latter escaped by climbing over the roof to the house of a neighbor. Three of the ringleaders have been captured."

—The Rev. Dr. Hezekiah Harvey, Professor of Pastoral Theology and Dean of the Theological Faculty in Colgate University (New York), died at his home in Hamilton on June 28. He was born in England in 1821, came to this country in 1830, and was graduated from Madison University in 1847. He became pastor of a church at Homer, N. Y., in 1849, pastor at Hamilton in 1857, and Professor of Ecclesiastical History in Madison University in 1858. Compelled by failing health to resign the chair in 1864, he took a church at Dayton, Ohio, but returned in 1869 to the University Faculty, of which he was a member at the time of his death. He published several volumes of Lectures on the Christian Ministry and Baptist Polity.

—Speaking of the Rev. H. B. Frissell, the new Principal of Hampton Institute, the Boston "Transcript" says: "He is the man cut out by nature and by training to take up General Armstrong's work and carry it on to completion. Yet seldom were men more unlike than General Armstrong and Mr. Frissell. Armstrong was a steam-engine, a mountain torrent. Mr. Frissell is the 'still, small voice,' the quiet man, the calm, regular, simple force; but beneath his glove of silk is the iron hand, behind his modest manner an inflexible determination. He is a man of great patience, never ruffled by disappointments, always sure of success, and always willing to wait for it. His devotion to Hampton is as single and overmastering as Armstrong's own."

Ministerial Personals

CONGREGATIONAL

—Elijah Horr, formerly of the Maverick Church, East Boston, Mass., was installed as pastor of the Piedmont Church of Worcester, on June 27.

—D. B. Pratt, of the Union Church of Brooklyn, has been called as assistant pastor to the Rev. S. B. Halliday, of the Beecher Memorial Church.

—J. W. Cone, of the Oberlin Seminary, accepts a call to Almena, Kan.

—J. H. George, of the First Church of St. Louis, Mo., has declined the presidency of Drury College.

—H. C. Todd accepts a call to Eagle River, Wis.

—E. P. Allen has received a call from the church in Ludlow, Mass.

—W. D. Leland was installed as pastor of the Pawtucket Church of Lowell, Mass., on June 21.

—W. F. Rose, of Houghton, Wyo., has resigned.

—I. N. Aldrich accepts a call to Wayne, Mich.

PRESBYTERIAN

—R. O. Sherwood, of Adams, Mass., accepts a call from North Norwalk, Conn.

—S. W. Chidester, of Denver, Colo., has resigned.

—J. G. Harkness, of the First Church of Rockford, Ill., accepts a call to Paris, of the same State.

—C. H. Walker was installed as pastor of the First Church of Lansingburg, N. Y., on June 20.

OTHER CHURCHES

—A. W. Knight has resigned the pastorate of St. Andrew's Church (P. E.), Jacksonville, Fla., and accepted that of St. Philip's Church, Atlanta, Ga.

—G. W. Harris, of Oberlin, O., has accepted the rectorship of St. Ann's Church (P. E.), Morrisania, N. Y.

—Henry Tarrant, of St. Mark's Church (P. E.), Pittsburg, Pa., has become rector of the Church of the Atonement, Westfield, Mass.

—J. M. Jones, of Philadelphia, Pa., accepts a call to the First Baptist Church of Bayonne, N. J.

—Charles Conklin, of the First Unitarian Church of Athol, Mass., has received a call from New Haven, Conn.

—W. W. Kone, who died in Denison, Texas, last week, at the age of ninety, is said to have been the oldest Baptist minister in the United States. He had been in the ministry for seventy-two years.

—Courtland Meyers, of the First Baptist Church in Syracuse, N. Y., has accepted a call from the First Church in Pierrepont Street, Brooklyn.

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Correspondence

"Unitarianism at Andover" [1]

To the Editors of The Outlook:

In your issue of June 10 you speak upon the subject of Unitarianism at Andover, on the authority of "the young men themselves." Answers to certain questions are placed in quotation marks, and seem to have the authority of exactness. The few remarks thus taken out of a private conversation are not accurately reported, and, were the very words used in the conversation actually those found within quotation marks, still the sense would be incomplete without the setting which the full conversation gave. These fragments do injustice to all parties concerned. I am made to seem to cast a slur upon Professor Smyth. In the conversation I intended to give the impression that Professor Smyth is in vital sympathy with the fundamental beliefs of the Protestant Church at the time of its beginning, the sixteenth century. Professor Smyth is strangely misunderstood by the conservatives of the Protestant Church. The report of my conversation makes me charge Professor Harris with the senseless wisdom of putting *old* wine in *new* bottles. Why the old wine should be taken out of the old bottles would be hard to imagine. Professor Harris teaches the fundamentals of the Orthodox belief. His insight and scholarship enable him to give these fundamentals their largest meaning. His old wine, still in the old bottles, has gathered the strength of these latter days of theological science.

The four questions answered in the reported conversation can be condensed into two: I. What is the relation between your conclusions and the conclusions advocated by the Seminary? II. What criticism do you pass on the Congregational Church? Let me attempt to answer these.

I. What is the relation between your conclusions and the conclusions advocated by the Seminary?

Answer: (1) It is not a question of similarity. Andover advocates the belief that Jesus is the objectification to men of the Eternal God. Jesus is conceived of as a person in the being of God in a way in which no creaturely being can be. The conclusion to which my mind has brought me is that Jesus is the world's greatest religious genius. New Testament history, Church history, and Nature history seem to testify to this. In my judgment, each human being is, in essence, as truly a son of God as was Jesus. According to my faith, each man will some day come to realize his sonship as truly as did Jesus.

(2) The relation is not one of dependence. The student in these days is an independent mind, working upon the material at hand, and guided by his teacher. The teacher reasons with the student, not for him. The evidence is weighed by the mind of the student; the teacher does not weigh the evidence and communicate the result to the student. The most that the teacher can do is to advocate his opinion as correct, not because he has spoken, but because truth is truth. Truth is allowed to carry its own conviction. The fact, then, that two Unitarians graduate from Andover is not proof that Trinitarianism does not have a good advocate in the Andover professors. It may cause men to wonder whether Trinitarianism is true, but should not cause them to distrust Andover's Faculty. The proof of the strength of Andover's plea for Trinitarianism is to be found in her last book, "The Divinity of Jesus Christ." The "Independent," not by any means a partial critic of Andover, has rightly judged this work. In the issue of May 4, page 25, the book reviewer writes: "The comparison of this book, as to method, as to the kind of reasoning employed, and as to the critical value of the facts put in evidence, indicates at a glance the great progress made in theology as a science. . . . . The gain in the way of positive effectiveness is something wonderful." It is proved, then, that the fault is not in the advocates. It seems to me that it is in the evidence; the Trinitarians have the wrong side of the case.

(3) Both conclusions are the result of the same method of study. The true scientist gathers his facts, sorts his facts, determines their interrelations, and generalizes on the basis of facts thus analyzed. There *is* a scientific method, independent of the results which it brings, and this scientific method is to be controlling in all fields of human study. There are good examples of this method in Andover. Andover believes in this method. Oxford, Berlin, and Harvard believe in this method. Wherever knowledge is made a science, there the scientific method is supreme. Inasmuch as the student is an independent investigator, making application of this method in his own strength, it is not strange that the judgment of the student should not always agree with that of his teachers in his particular seminary. When it is remembered that each Andover student has not only Andover's teachers to guide him, but also those of Harvard, Oxford, and Berlin, then the wonder is that there is so much agreement.

II. What criticism do you pass on the Congregational Church? I have put the question so as to include Andover with other institutions representing Trinitarianism. It is not true, as the reported conversation seems to imply, that I charge Andover with a narrowness which belongs to her peculiarly. The narrowness which I object to is universal among the Trinitarian churches. These churches ask for scientific investigation, but will not listen to the results of scientific investigation, unless the results are in accord with previous beliefs. They ask men to measure with scientific care the length of a yardstick, and, because they do not find it a yard long, refuse to listen, and turn away in disgust. Professor Briggs was set to find the truth in regard to the composition of the Old Testament. As a scientist he made his judgment. When he declared his judgment, the Church dishonors him, even questioned his right to come to the communion-table of the Lord. Such treatment is unjust. The spirit which prompts this refusal to listen to the scientist is an unworthy one. The spirit of truth should possess each mind, and the spirit of love should possess each heart. A man possessed of the spirit of truth and the spirit of love will listen with respect when his brother tells what is truth in his judgment, and will continue his expressions of fellowship even though this judgment is not in accord with his own. The church of brotherly love commits too many fratricides.

The Congregational Church is peculiarly open to the charge of unreasonableness in its treatment of young men who study for her ministry. The ideal of the Congregational Church, if I understand it, is that each preacher is in immediate communion with the Holy Spirit, and is the medium through which God speaks his truth. The preacher speaks in the Spirit. In spite of this ideal, the Congregational Church judges of the fitness of a young man for its ministry, not by his spirit, but by his creed. If each man is a medium of divine truth, then room must be left for differences in creed. The man who believes that he has found larger conceptions of divine truth should be given a hearing. The application of a creed to a man's beliefs, and the decision of his fitness for the ministry on the basis of his agreement or disagreement with the creed, is un-Congregational. Each man should be allowed to prove his beliefs to the people. A gathering of ministers in the form of a council has no right to prevent a man who is worthy in character of heart and intellect from appearing before the people. This method of keeping the people in ignorance is a relic of the Catholic Church, in which Church it is condemned by those who practice it in the Protestant Church. The manly position to take toward Truth is that a free and comprehensive discussion is Truth's means of manifesting herself to the minds of men. To refuse the honest and intelligent man a chance to advocate his truth before the people is cowardly. The present method does not even allow a man to appear before the representatives of the people as an advocate of his truth. Before the council he is not to argue his case; he is simply to display his cloth for measurement. Woe if he give too liberal a measure! It is possible to endure a condemnation made upon the basis of a creed when it comes from a church organization that makes this its ideal, but in a church organization that has as its ideal a republic of God a trial by creed is unendurable. It is not true, as stated in the reported conversation, that I go to the Unitarian Church because Andover is too narrow. I go because, since my belief is not Trinitarian, the Church of my youth will not allow me to speak my word to the people. In the Unitarian Church one can stand openly, without fear of the heresy-hunter, for that which he believes to be true. No attempt to state truth in terms acceptable to a creed is asked or admired by the people of his congregation. Officers and people have exchanged narrow-mindedness for open-mindedness, and are willing to listen to a man of character when he advocates that which he believes to be true. I believe that the world will finally, in open-mindedness, turn its face toward the future, looking there, and not to the past, for the perfect truth.

E. M. FAIRCHILD.

[1] See Religious World.

A pure cream of tartar powder.
CLEVELAND'S
BAKING POWDER.
"Pure and sure"

Sunday and the World's Fair

To the Editors of The Outlook:

The lines following are from a private letter, and, as they state the case clearly and with feeling as it appears to many conscientious people, I would be glad if you could find room for them:

"I do not see how you can consider the Sunday opening of the Fair as a mere Sabbatarian question. It is the other feature of it—the *bad faith* with the Government, and with all the exhibitors who were induced to exhibit under the statement that the Sunday question was *settled*—which makes my blood boil. I did not find the editorial in The Christian Union 'discriminating;' I found it specious. Let the judgment day with the descending Christ come to-morrow, and all the pleas for 'culture' and 'great opportunities neglected' would wither away in the face of the simple fact that only by withholding patronage and support can men of honor condemn deeds of dishonor. Those who have contrived all this say (laughing in their sleeves), 'Oh, yes, the conscientious folks will bluster about it for a few days, but they'll come to the Fair all the same.' Had the question been settled at first in favor of Sunday opening, I do not think I should have stayed away. Now no pleasure or profit could induce me to help such measures attain success. If it were not for division in the ranks of our best, the worst elements of social and business life would have no chance at all.

"Understand that the reason we do not go to the Fair is because there is no other way in which we can rebuke the 'get-money-honestly-if-you-can-but-get-it-anyway' spirit, which is too prevalent in America."

CONSIDERER.

Tired, Weak, Nervous

"I was in a discouraging condition, my health and strength almost gone. I had that tired feeling frequently, and had rheumatism so severely that I had to walk with a cane. I felt tired of life and was a burden to others. Nervous spells and dizziness added to my sufferings and greatly reduced my strength. I began to take Hood's Sarsaparilla and soon was so much better that I kept on until I felt like a different person. I owe my present good health

Hood's Sarsaparilla Cures

to Hood's Sarsaparilla, and cordially recommend it as a good all-round medicine." MRS. MARY C. CRYDERMAN, La Fontaine, Kansas.

N. B. Be sure to get Hood's Sarsaparilla.

HOOD'S PILLS cure all Liver Ills, Biliousness, Jaundice, Indigestion, Sick Headache.

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Recreation Department The Outlook

Suggestions for planning a Vacation or a Trip anywhere in the world; printed information concerning any Transportation Line in the world, any Hotel in the world, any Pleasure or Health Resort in the world, or any Tour to any part of the world, will be sent on request, without charge, by the Recreation Department, The Outlook, Clinton Hall, Astor Place, New York.

The Catskill Mountains

Various boats on the Hudson River and numerous railroad lines minister to the wants of the traveler desiring to visit the Catskills from New York.

The region is also easily reached from all the principal cities. At the following points most of the larger Catskill Mountain hotels are found, and these points are especially of interest to those planning a tour of the mountains:

Catskill,	Kaaterskill,
Mountain House,	Laurel House,
Grand Hotel,	Phœnicia,
Haines' Falls,	Pine Hill,
Hunter,	Stamford,
Tannersville,	Windham.

If, however, you are looking for a place to spend your vacation, the following places in addition to those mentioned above are among the principal summer resorts of the Catskills:

Acra,	Delhi,
Arkville,	Durham,
Big Indian,	East Durham,
Cairo,	East Windham,
Jefferson,	Gilboa,
Leeds,	Grand Gorge,
Prattsville,	Griffin's Corners,
Halcottville,	Hensonville,
Highmount,	Hobart,
Lexington,	Jewett,
Union Society,	Roxbury,
Margaretville,	Kiskatom,
Kelley's Corners,	Saxton,
Shandaken,	Palenville.
Shokan,	

Write, stating (if you desire to make a tour of the Catskills) the points you wish to visit and the length of time you desire to be away. Printed information concerning the points selected and full information as to the ways of reaching them will be sent free. If you are looking for a place for the summer vacation, state the price of board you wish to pay and the places you wish to know about. The circulars of the hotels or boarding-houses at these points whose prices are about what you wish to pay, and full information as to reaching them from your home, will be sent without charge, on request, by the Recreation Department, The Outlook, New York. Don't hesitate to write for what you want. The Recreation Department is for the full and free use of all Outlook readers.

New Train Service to the South

A new train will be inaugurated July 2, 1893, via Pennsylvania R. R., to be known as the "Atlantic Coast Line Express," to run from Eastern cities to the South. At same time train "No. 27, Fast Mail," now leaving New York at 12:15 night and Washington at 10:57 A.M., will be discontinued to points reached by the Atlantic Coast Line south of Weldon, N. C. The new service, as above, offers material reduction in time from New York to Charleston, Columbia, Savannah, Brunswick, Albany, Thomasville, Montgomery, and Jacksonville, St. Augustine, Ocala, Sanford, Tampa, and all points in Eastern and Middle Florida; also to Havana, Cuba, with only one night *en route* to the Gulf. The "Atlantic Coast Line Express" will leave New York daily at 9:30 A.M., giving equal facilities for reaching points in North and South Carolina, Georgia, and Florida, as afforded by the "Fast Mail" newspaper train that has been leaving New York at 4:35 A.M. and Washington at 10:57 A.M. The new train will carry Pullman buffet sleeping-cars from New York to Port Tampa, via Jacksonville, New York to Charleston, and New York to Columbia. Train "No. 23," 9 P.M. daily from New York, will be continued on present schedule.

Map of the United States

A large, handsome Map of the United States, mounted, and suitable for office or home use, is issued by the Burlington Route. Copies will be mailed to any address, on receipt of fifteen cents in postage, by P. S. EUSTIS, Gen'l Pass Agent, C., B. & Q. R. R., Chicago, Ill.

To accommodate their patrons in this city the Delaware and Hudson R. R. have opened a ticket agency and bureau of information in their New York offices, 21 Cortlandt Street, where illustrated guides, maps, time-tables, etc., may be obtained. "The D. & H." is the shortest, quickest, and best line between New York and Montreal, and the most interesting and romantic route to Chicago, running via Saratoga, Lake George, Lake Champlain, Montreal, St. Lawrence River, etc.

TRAVELERS *(Formerly Appleton's)* **Ready Reference RR GUIDE**

OFFICIAL TIME TABLES of Railroads and Steamboat Lines, Maps, Population, etc. Also contains a Summer Tourist Guide, showing how to reach resorts and where to get detailed information about them. **Pocket size, 25 Cents per copy.** For sale by all newsdealers or mailed on receipt of price by KNICKERBOCKER GUIDE CO., 24 Park Place, New York.

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RELIABLE TRUNKS AND BAGS

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Send for our Outfit List—Mailed Free.

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Principal Walk. Open all the year. Good Second-class Hotel; 75 beds; restaurant in the garden; excellent service; moderate charges; omnibus at the station.

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LOS ANGELES: The Hollenbeck

Illustrated book describing Southern California sent on request by A. C. BILICKE & CO.

Colorado

CASCADE CAÑON, Colorado

The GEM of the ROCKIES

In the PINE, BALSAM FIR, and SPRUCE REGION.

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open July 1st, 1893. Send for illustrated circular as to rates for hotels and cottages to Harry Watcham, Manager.

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LAKE VIEW HOUSE

LITCHFIELD, CONN.

1,200 feet elevation; mountain spring water; perfect drainage; splendid drives and shady walks; table first-class; musicales twice a week; billiards, bowling, and tennis; splendid view of the largest lake in Conn. Send for circulars, diagram, and rates. A. S. PENDRY, Prop.

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Will open early in June under management of BLANCHARD & HAGER (formerly of Hotel Marlborough, New York). Send for circular and terms.

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Fourth year under present management. Send for descriptive pamphlet. GEO. H. SPENCER, Prop'r.

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WORLD'S FAIR GUESTS desiring rooms near Jackson Park address Miss PADDOCK, 4344 Greenwood Avenue, Chicago. Terms $1.00 to $1.25 per day, each person. References given.

Maine

THE WALDO HOTEL

AND COTTAGES, Little Chebeague Island, Casco Bay, Portland, Me., opens June 26, 1893. For circular and rates apply to SIDNEY W. SEA.

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THE ST. JAMES HOTEL,
Charles and Center Sts.,
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These hotels, situated in the most fashionable section of the city, offer exceptional advantages to families and tourists. Send for illustrated souvenir guide to Baltimore.

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EUROPEAN PLAN

Beacon Street, - BOSTON

S. R. SMITH, Manager.

HOTEL CHATHAM CHATHAM, MASS.

The most easterly point of quaint old CAPE COD,

Opens June 25, 1893

Beautiful location, glorious ocean scenery, fine boating, bathing, riding, and driving. House new and perfect; all modern improvements; large rooms, steam heat, electric lights. Address LEWIS F. ATTLETON, formerly proprietor of the Aquidneck, Newport, R. I., manager, Boston Home Journal office, 403 Washington Street, Boston, Mass., until June 10; after June 10 at Hotel Chatham, Chatham, Mass.

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Powder Point House

and the **Grove House** and **Cottage** of Powder Point School will be open for boarders from July 1 to Sept. 2. On Duxbury Bay. Boating, bathing, tennis-courts, shade-trees. $10 to $12 a week. Send for pictures.

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THE NORTHFIELD

EAST NORTHFIELD, - - MASS.
Sixth Season. June 6 to Sept. 26, 1893.

A delightful **Summer Home,** situated in a very picturesque part of New England, and is a most restful and charming place in which to spend a season. **Convenient, Comfortable, Sociable.** Send for illustrated booklet. AMBERT G. MOODY, Manager.

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NANTUCKET, MASS.

VERANDA HOUSE will open June 15, under same management as previous years. To those seeking a pleasant, homelike resting-place, this house presents all the attractions that can be desired. Address Mrs. S. G. DAVENPORT.

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Eleven miles from Boston, O. C. R. R. to Quincy; electrics pass the door; 14 cents from Boston, North Weymouth Beach; newly fitted and furnished; fine lawns; five minutes' walk from beach; new plumbing, baths, etc.; can accommodate thirty families or transient. Address HOTEL FAIR VIEW, North Weymouth, Mass.

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175 well-furnished rooms, all modern conveniences. Beautiful scenery, good roads, bathing, sailing, and fishing. Society the best. Special rates for June and September. Open June 18th.
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HORSE NECK BEACH, Westport, 13 miles south of New Bedford; splendid warm surf-bathing; magnificent beaches; place for perfect rest and quiet; good fishing, shooting, sailing; Ocean Cottage open until Oct. 15.
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HOTEL METROPOLITAN ST. PAUL, Minn.

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HOTEL RYAN, St. Paul, Minn.—Leading hotel of the city. Cuisine of superior excellence. Fireproof. Service unsurpassed. *Rates,* $3, $3.50, $4, $4.50, *and* $5. EUGENE MEHL & SON.

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Open from June 20th to Oct. 15th. Send for circulars.
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BRADFORD, N. H.

Beautifully situated. Good accommodations for summer guests. Reference required. CHAS. GILLIS.

Lake View House

Hillsboro Centre, N. H.

Commanding situation; boating, fishing, driving; good accommodations for guests. E. C. HOYT & SONS.

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Elevation 1,100 feet; no fog or mist; dry and cool. The new hall has 18 sleeping-rooms, all en suite, reading-room, and a hall 32x45 for dancing, theatricals, etc. Write for circular. C. E. GALE, Proprietor.

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Newcastle, N. H.

Railroad Station, Portsmouth, N. H.

Thirty minutes distant, where coaches from the house meet every train.

The Fashionable Resort of the North Shore

Open for the Season July 1

New Rockingham

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Popular and convenient stopping-place for tourists en route to or from the Mountains, Canada, or resorts of Maine.

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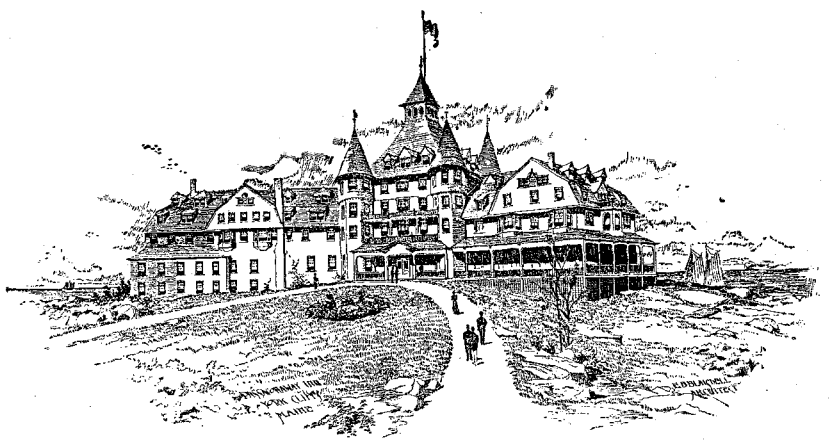

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This New Resort opens July 1st. For Rates and Information address
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Good beds, table; cool nights; wide piazzas, with hammocks; large stable; nice grove; grounds for summer games; $5; adults preferred. Address L. B. TREAT.

THE HEIDELBERG NEW LONDON, N. H.

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TWIN MOUNTAIN HOUSE

Most central location in the mountain region.

Now open

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THE ALHAMBRA, S.W. Cor. Sewell Ave. and Heck St., **Asbury Park, N. J.** Easy of access to the beach and lake. Terms moderate.
WM. I. GILL, Prop.

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The Leading Hotel in every respect. Finest location on the New Jersey coast. Address
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Largest and leading hotel. On the principal Avenue, near the Beach. The house has modern improvements, and is in every respect a comfortable house.
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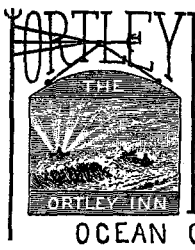

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For quiet and refined people. No intoxicating liquors allowed sold in the city. Send for prospectus.
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Modern conveniences; steam heat; open fires; piazzas under glass. S. N. SEVERANCE & SON, Props.

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Pure air, pure water, no malaria. Open year round. Terms $2 per day, $7 to $10 per week.
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Beautifully situated. Modern conveniences. Everything first-class. New York references.

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Centrally located. A pleasant house for Tourists.
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(For other advertisements in this department see following pages.)

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BLUE MOUNTAIN HOUSE, Blue Mountain Lake, N. Y. TYLER M. MERWIN, Proprietor. Finest view of Lakes and Mountains in the ADIRONDACKS. Good boating and fishing. Free from Hay Fever. Open all the year. Terms reasonable. Send for circulars.

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During the past few months we have made many improvements, and are now prepared to receive those who are looking for a delightful summer home. First-class accommodations. Send for circular. Henry C. Crane, Prop.

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AT THE GENESEE. NIAGARA
FALLS FORTY MINUTES AWAY

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OPENS JUNE 20
Rates moderate. For Circulars address
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(ESTABLISHED IN 1858.)

Elevated location, 1,200 ft. above sea-level, overlooking the beautiful Genesee Valley.

Personal Care of experienced Physicians. All valuable forms of treatment. Provision for rest, recreation, and amusement.

Elegant **fire-proof** main building and twelve cottages. Asphalt Roof promenade. Steam heat, open fires, electric bells, safety elevator, telegraph, telephone. Cuisine under supervision of Mrs. Emma P. Ewing, of Chautauqua *Cooking School.*

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Also **MANSION HOUSE AND COTTAGES**

Fisher's Island, New York

40 minutes from New London; cottages to rent, beautifully located and fully furnished. Commanding views of Ocean and Sound; finest of bathing and fishing; modern improvements; vegetables, milk, and poultry from Island farm. Write for prospectus. W. C. WHITE.

DE SILVA HOUSE, Catskills.—Farm Boarding House. Accommodates 40; elevation 2,000; fishing; guarantee trout plenty—if not, no charge; good conveyances; lawn tennis; freedom; home comforts; daily mail; healthiest place in the mountains. Open June 10. Address A. W. & J. M. DE SILVA, Grant's Mills, Delaware Co., N. Y.

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New York

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Keene Valley, N. Y.

TAHAWUS HOUSE

Nearest Hotel to summit of **Mount Marcy.** In immediate vicinity of fine hunting and fishing. The **Tahawus,** in its present enlarged condition, will be the largest house in **Keene Valley.** It will accommodate, together with its cottages, etc., 175 guests. I would solicit the patronage of all our old friends, where they will find a hearty welcome. Address
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CANON POINT, Lake George, N. Y.

The leading family resort, accommodating 100. Send for circular. JEROME BURTON, Prop.

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Now open. Scenery unsurpassed. Specially suited to refined American families of quiet tastes.
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Mirror Lake House
ADIRONDACKS

Lake Placid, N. Y.

Electric lights, steam heat, elevator, electric bells, and baths. All appointments positively first-class. Two thousand feet above tide-water. Send for circulars. CHAS. E. MARTIN, Manager.

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Northern End of Lake Placid. One of the coolest spots in the Adirondacks. Cottages, Boating, Bathing, Fishing, Mountain Climbing; pure air and water; unexceptional cuisine; city physician at hand; no hay fever or malaria. One cottage and a few good rooms still unengaged. UNDER-CLIFF, Lake Placid, N. Y.

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LEBANON SPRINGS, N. Y.

Largest, most elegantly furnished hotel in famous Berkshire Hills, now open, under management Geo. W. Holder, past 5 years; connected with leading Berkshire Hills hotels; elevation, 1,700; accommodates 400; first-class livery. Baths, warm mineral springs 73 degrees F. Bowling, billiards, orchestra. Six miles from Pittsfield, 8 Lenox, 11 Stockbridge. Circulars, rates, etc.,
GEO. W. HOLDER, Lebanon Springs, N. Y.

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Open to Nov. 1. Most desirable summer resort in the mountains; scenery unsurpassed; good boating, fishing, etc. For descriptive circular address
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Just above the Cholera Line

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ON THE GREAT SOUTH BAY

Now open. 15th season under same management. Boating, bathing, fishing, etc. Send for circular.
SANFORD WEEKS, Owner and Proprietor.

HOTEL WITTENBERG

Phœnicia, N. Y.

Near famous Echo Notch. Newly furnished. Now open. Accommodates 75. Fine drives. Trout Brooks near. Terms, $7 to $10. M. F. WHITNEY.

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A strictly first-class house. Beautiful location.
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PINE HILL, N. Y.

Fine location; accommodate 30; terms, $7 to $10. Write for circulars. Mrs. JOHN BARRY.

New York

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Within ten minutes' walk of the best fishing in the **Adirondacks.** Address D. CAMERON, Prop.

Adirondacks

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Opens July 1st

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SARANAC LAKE HOUSE

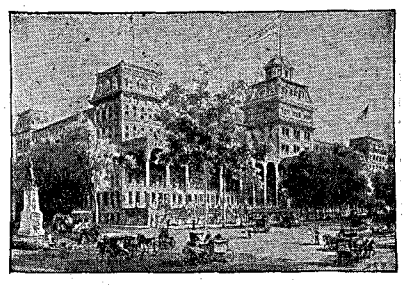
ADIRONDACK MTS.

Milo B. Miller, Proprietor

Best cuisine in the mountains; all delicacies of the season. House located at an elevation of 2,000 feet; climate recommended for lung and throat troubles; hay fever unknown; splendid trout fishing and hunting. Open fireplaces in parlors, office, and dining-room; 1,000 feet piazzas; electric bells; in perfect sanitary condition. Open May to November. Send for circular to MILO B. MILLER, Saranac Lake, N. Y.

THE ALBEMARLE, opp. The Windsor.—One of the best locations in town. First-class in all its appointments. $2 to $2.50 per day; $10 per week upwards. W. J. Riggs, Prop., S. Broadway, Saratoga Springs, N. Y

"PERENNIALLY DELIGHTFUL"



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Finest location, New Management, all modern conveniences, Excellent Cuisine. First-class accommodations for 125 guests. $2.00 to $2.50 per day. Special rates for the season.
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A popular resort for health, change, rest, or recreation all the year. Elevator, electric bells, steam, open fireplaces, sun-parlor and promenade on the roof. Suites of rooms with private baths. Massage, Electricity, all baths and all remedial appliances. New Turkish and Russian baths never surpassed in Oriental elegance and completeness. Send for illustrated circular.

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75 Spring St.
Saratoga Springs, N. Y.

Near principal hotels and springs.
M. E. MORSE, Prop.

SARATOGA

The most healthful and attractive summer resort in the world.

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Open for the reception of guests. Send for exquisite illustrated souvenir pamphlet to
WILLARD LESTER,
Manager.

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New York

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THE "CASTLE"

Tarrytown-on-Hudson, N. Y.

This unique and beautiful Summer Resort is now open. CUISINE and APPOINTMENTS of the highest order. Accessible via Hudson River R. R. and New York and Northern R. R. and by steamboat.
J. W. ALMY, Manager.

THOUSAND ISLANDS
THE COLUMBIAN
1,000 ISLAND PARK, N. Y.

Second season of this the finest and most thoroughly equipped hotel on the River St. Lawrence; rates $3 per day; special rates to families by the week or season; send for pamphlet.
INGLEHART & HADCOCK, Proprietors.

Thousand Islands
Hotel Westminster
Westminster Park, Alexandria Bay, N. Y.

Among America's most charming resorts; the far-famed Thousand Islands. Rates $2 to $3 per day; $12 to $17 per week. Send for illustrated pamphlet.
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TUPPER LAKE HOUSE
Tupper Lake, Adirondack Mts., N. Y.

Purest mountain spring water. Excellent drainage. Underground sewers. Free from malaria and hay fever. Good fishing and hunting. Terms reasonable. For terms, etc., address
T. & B. HATCH, Proprietors,
Tupper Lake, Franklin Co., N. Y.

HYGEIA HOTEL UNION SPRINGS, Cayuga Lake, N. Y.
An Ideal Health and Pleasure Resort. Generous table, shady lawn, airy rooms. Turkish baths; no malaria; good fishing; steam yacht. Low rates. Write for pamphlet.

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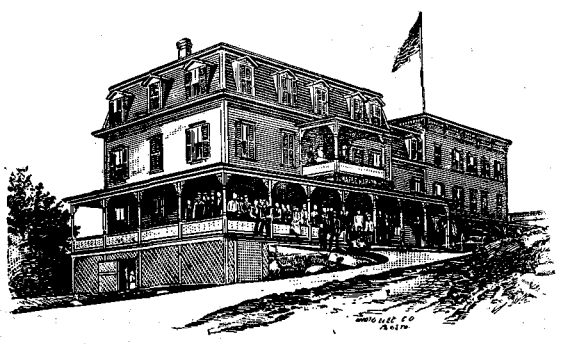

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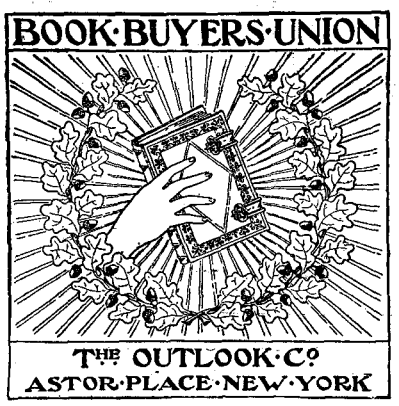

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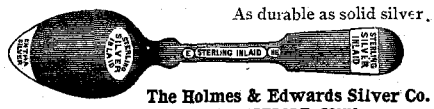

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Notes and Queries

Will some one kindly tell me who wrote the poem containing the following lines?

"Flower in the crannied wall,
I pluck you out of the cranny, root and all."

The last lines of the poem are as follows:

"Little flower, if I could know what you are, root and all,
I should know what God and man is."

A. S. D.

We think the quotation is from Tennyson.

Was the "Rye" in the song "Comin' Through the Rye" a river or a field of the grain?

W. S. C.

The grain; there *is* a stream named Rye, and some ingenious person has wrought out the explanation which makes the lovers meet midstream.

I notice in your Notes and Queries this statement: "The story of the creation in the second chapter of Genesis is undoubtedly a legend." Would Paul the Apostle have said (1 Cor. xv., 22), "For as in Adam all die, so in Christ shall all be made alive" if the Biblical account of the origin of the human race was untrustworthy in his opinion, as given in the Hebraic record? The faith of Abel is spoken of by Paul (Adam's son). Now, if the account of the origin of the human race in the Scriptures is untrustworthy, how do we know the truthfulness of any statements in the historical records in the Bible—of Abel's sacrifice, or of Abraham's offering up Isaac, etc. etc.? Are we not left in *utter uncertainty* when we call Bible history legendary? And as Jesus Christ himself referred to Jonah, etc., and evidently believed the truthfulness of the Bible historical relations as *facts*, are not the doubters of their truthfulness a little conceited, and more unrighteous, to virtually undertake to criticise Paul the Apostle, and even Christ himself? Is not Christ said to be the creator or maker of the world (John i., 10)—"The world was made by him"? It seems that after creating man Christ was mistaken as to how he came into the world. If only such higher critics could have lived at the coming of Christ, or before, and dissected *the then Bible*, how much better and more correct would have been the teachings of Christ and his Apostles! When I reject a part of the Scriptures, I shall be in a fair way to reject *all*. I see no half-way ground. The word of God as recorded in the Bible must be substantially correct in its entirety. In my opinion, there is a limitation to the wisdom of any kind of criticism; unsettling the minds of the common people by leading them to discard any portion of the Bible must be a fearful wrong. Christ taught this when he said "it were better that a millstone were hanged about his neck," etc. F. S.

Who wrote the following lines, and where can they be found?

"But wiser now, a man gray grown,
My childhood's needs are better known.
My mother's chastening love I own."

E. B. D.

If the answer to the "Wilberforce charade" (see Notes and Queries, May 20) is *Homesickness*, I think it's a pretty poor charade!

C. S. W.

The Habits of Centenarians

Sir George Humphrey has investigated the life-histories of centenarians in England with the view of ascertaining the causes and circumstances of longevity. The report was published by the Collective Investigation Committee of the British Medical Association in 1887. As one reads of the habits and life of these men and women who attained to the age of one hundred years and more, one is struck by the fact that they were almost invariably lean people, of spare habit, and of great moderation in eating and drinking. Of thirty-seven three took no animal food, four took very little, twenty a little, ten a moderate amount, and only one acknowledged taking much meat.

With regard to alcohol, the returns are much the same, and abstemiousness is found to be the rule of life of these centenarians. Fifteen had been total abstainers either during the whole or part of their lives; two took very little alcohol, twenty-two a little, and ten a moderate amount. Sir George Humphrey's interesting and valuable collection of facts regarding centenarians confirms opinions which have been held from time to time by various persons, in opposition to the generally accepted view that as age increases and strength diminishes food should be more stimulating and strengthening. The most remarkable of these persons was Cornaro, an Italian nobleman, who lived in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, and who attained the age of upwards of one hundred years. He seems in middle life to have suffered from dyspepsia, brought on by over-indulgence, for he says that he had "fallen into different kinds of disorders, such as pains in my stomach, and often stitches, and spices of the gout, attended by what was almost still worse, an almost continual slow fever, a stomach generally out of order, and a perpetual thirst."

At the age of forty he decided that abstemiousness and regularity should be the order of his life, instead of the previous course of indulgence in eating and drinking, which was surely driving him to his grave. He kept his resolution for a year, at the end of which time he declared himself free of all his complaints. He states that his rule was to take as much food and wine as would check appetite without completely satisfying it. "I accustomed myself," he says, "to contrive matters so as never to clog my stomach with eating and drinking; but constantly to rise from the table with a disposition to eat and drink still more. . . . What with bread, meat, the yolk of an egg, and soup, I ate as much as weighed in all twelve ounces, neither more nor less. I drank in all fourteen ounces of wine." Cornaro lived on this meager diet to a vigorous old age. He wrote several treatises on the subject of diet, urging others to follow his example; one of these was written when he had attained the age of ninety-five, and shows that he was in full possession of his faculties.—*London Hospital.*

Books and Books

It is so difficult for us to imagine a world without books that we are apt to forget that it is only within the last three or four centuries that the materials for reading have come within reach of the majority of Europeans. In 1340, when Richard of Bury penned that sentence which has since found sympathetic echo in so many minds, there were no printed books—no books, that is, in our understanding of the term.

"These are masters [he said] who instruct us without chastisement, without anger, without fee; if you repair to them, they are not asleep; if you would consult them, they do not hide themselves; if you blunder, they complain not; if you betray ignorance, they laugh not."

How would good Richard, poring over manuscripts limited in number and difficult of access, have esteemed our lot in these days? The difficulty now is not to get books, but to decide on a choice from the overwhelming multitude that pour from the press. It is hardly possible for the most voracious bookworm to devour more than 150 books in the space of a year; one who achieved that number might accomplish about 9,000 in the course of his life. Probably nobody ever did so, and it would, after all, be an insignificant fraction of contemporary publications, for about 20,000 separate works are annually added to the shelves of the British Museum—more than twice as many as any man could possibly peruse in a lifetime—amounting in a normal life period of seventy years to the prodigious total of 1,400,000 books. And this leaves wholly out of account the vastly greater mass of journalistic literature which consumes part of everybody's time and attention.—*The Nineteenth Century.*

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About People

—In his reminiscences of Dickens, G. A. Sala says that the novelist had an almost morbid fondness for talking to police officials and entertaining them at his home.

—Miss Braddon has written her fifty-two novels on a plan very different from "the spur of the moment" practice popularly supposed to indicate true genius. She sits down at her desk every morning at nine o'clock, and there she stays until her "stint" of about 8,000 words is completed.

—The Rev. Dr. William Henry Furness, of Philadelphia, is the oldest surviving graduate of Harvard College, the Harvard Divinity School, and the Boston Latin School. He was born in Boston ninety-one years ago, and was graduated from Harvard College in 1820. He alone of his class lives to-day.

—Mr. G. F. Watts, the English artist, has just finished a portrait of George Meredith, the novelist. Mr. Watts, it is said, has painted more celebrated men than any other artist, except, perhaps, Signor Angeli, with his gallery of royalties; and his latest work is called a fitting companion for any of the others.

—Though forty-five years old, England's great cricketer, W. G. Grace, is maintaining his reputation by excellent work with the bat this season. Up to the present time he has scored 778 runs in first-class matches, with an average of 45. Such a record would be noteworthy in a younger player, and in the veteran who has been guarding a wicket almost for a generation it is extraordinary.

—Ex-President MacMahon has lately celebrated his eighty-sixth birthday, receiving telegrams of congratulation on the occasion from the King of Italy, the Archduke Joseph, and many Continental generals and statesmen. He is described as a lively old man, and until his recent attack of influenza had never known what illness was. At La Forêt he leads the life of a country gentleman, and rises at an early hour every morning to look after his horses.

—The oldest man and woman in Pennsylvania, and probably in the United States, according to their own figures, are Mary McDonald, aged 128, and John Gibson, aged 121, both inmates of the Home for Aged and Infirm Colored Persons in Philadelphia. Mary McDonald declares that she remembers George Washington perfectly, who patted her on the head one day for her attention to the comfort of the Continental soldiers quartered at Valley Forge, near the home of Reese Howell, her master, where General Washington was a frequent visitor.

—Phillips Brooks in his numerous visits to England endeared himself to the congregation of the little London Church of St. Margaret, near Westminster Abbey. Canon Farrar, who is now vicar of St. Margaret's, has announced that a memorial to the preacher will be put up there. It will consist of three panels of stained glass, representing the command, "Feed My Sheep." The church will also send a subscription of $1,000 to the Harvard memorial building fund, of which Louis Dyer, formerly a Professor of Greek at Harvard, but now resident at Balliol College, Oxford, is Secretary in England.

American Institute of Christian Sociology

Among those acquainted with the important work of the Christian Social Union in the United States and Canada under the presidency of the Rt. Rev. F. D. Huntington, and with Professor R. T. Ely as Secretary, the inquiry has often arisen, Why should this line of organized Christian activity be confined to the Episcopalian denomination? There is certainly a need among all Christian people for a more definite association of effort in the application of Christianity to the social and industrial problems of the day.

The powerful societies of young people uniting all denominations in the land, and holding their annual assemblies of thousands of delegates, afford an unequaled opportunity for organized sociological study and practice. With a view to uniting Christians of all denominations and associations into a working body for the promotion of work in sociology, arrangements have been made for a meeting at Chautauqua, July 19 and 20, in order to form a proposed American Institute of Christian Sociology. Among those interested in this movement are Bishop Vincent, the Rev. Washington Gladden, Professor R. T. Ely, the Rev. Dr. Herron, the Rev. Sidney Strong, the Rev. James Brand. An invitation is extended to others who are in accord with the principles of the Christian Social Union, and who would like to see those principles extended to other denominations and Christian associations, to meet together at that time to adopt a constitution, select officers, and outline the work. The principles of the Episcopalian union which serve as the starting-point for the new Institute are the following:

1. To claim for the Christian law the ultimate authority to rule social practice.

2. To study in common how to apply the moral truths and principles of Christianity to the social and economic difficulties of the present time.

3. To present Christ in practical life as the Living Master and King, the enemy of wrong and selfishness, the power of righteousness and love.

The "preliminary propositions" of the Oxford University Branch of the English Christian Social Union state precisely the direction which the American Institute may first take. They are:

1. "There *is* a social question. Something *wants* doing." (Prince Bismarck.)

2. "It is the urgent duty of the Church to study this question."

3. "It is most essential to have some clear and precise knowledge of the economic facts under consideration."

The introduction of courses of reading and study and conference into local churches and religious societies is indicated as the leading work of the proposed Institute. Connected with this is an organized effort to bring the matter into theological seminaries. The Christian Social Union in England issues a valuable quarterly, and the branch in the United States has printed useful bibliographies, and has just begun the publication of a quarterly bulletin. The American Institute will naturally adopt a similar line of work. So apparent is the need for an interdenominational society of this sort that the plan has received enthusiastic support wherever it has been broached. It is desired now that public announcement may be made in order to enlist as wide co-operation as is possible consistent with effective organization. C.

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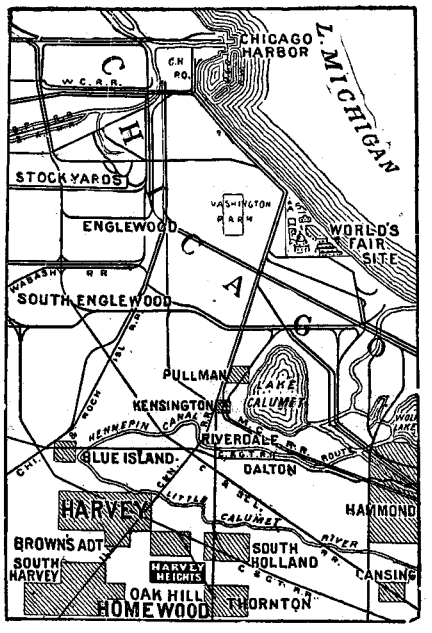

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Bits of Fun

The Greenland newsboys who cry "'Ere's yer Arrangagliotio Natinginnavnik Sysarammas Sivik," have well-developed lungs.—*Californian Magazine.*

The time appears to be at hand when a man who is referred to as silver-haired will regard it as an attempt to depreciate him.—*Philadelphia Ledger.*

Teacher—What is the meaning of self-control? Boy—It's when a teacher gets mad and feels like giving a boy a black mark and doesn't.—*Good News.*

In a French School.—Teacher—What is the matter, boys? You are all covered with mud? Pupils—Oh, sir, we've only been playing the Panama Canal game.—*Journal Amusant.*

A notice on a door in Albany, Wash., reads: "I have gone to the mines. Where are you going?" Some one wrote underneath: "To the poorhouse. I have been to the mines."—*Evening Post.*

Quill—Why is it that you have no women writers on the "Bugle"? Screed—Because the managing editor always tells a beginner to keep his eyes and ears open and his mouth shut.—*Kate Field's Washington.*

A boarder at Kennebunkport writes us that she went to the circulating library and asked if they had the "Letters of Jane Welsh Carlyle," and received the reply: "You will get 'em at the post-office."—*Boston Transcript.*

Foreigner—Well, by Jove! don't tell me again that you Americans are not foreign-worshipers. Townsman—Why so? Foreigner (pointing to the Worth monument)—Look there! The idea of raising a monument to a French milliner—bah!—*Life.*

"No," she said, stating her case to a divorce lawyer, "I never did love him. I married him because he kept a confectioner's shop, with ices, and he basely deceived me three months later by selling out and going into another business."—*Drake's Magazine.*

In a small village in the south of Scotland, an elder in the parish church was one day reproving an old woman, who was rather the worse of liquor, by saying, "Sarah, don't you know that you should fly from the tempter?" Sarah (not too well pleased)—Flee yersel'. Elder—Oh, Sarah, I have flown. Sarah—Aweel, I think ye'll be nane the waur o' anither flutter.—*Scottish-American.*

Herr Krupp

The "Westminster Gazette" the other day, in describing the opening of the Krupp Pavilion at Chicago, spoke of Herr "von" Krupp. "Allow me to point out," writes a German correspondent, "that there is no such person. The head of the gigantic establishment in Essen (Rhenish Prussia) is, like his great father, the 'gun-king,' before him, plain Herr Krupp, and devoutly hopes to be allowed to remain so. And thereby hangs a tale. Here it is:

"At the very commencement of his brief reign, the Emperor Frederick III. determined to manifest his recognition of industry and development by raising some leading representatives to the peerage. Naturally the name of Krupp, who employs on an average something like 17,000 or 18,000 men, was the first to be put on the list. The father was dead; let the son and successor be honored. When semi-official information reached Herr Krupp, he at once took train to Berlin and requested an audience of the Prince-Chancellor. Bismarck received him with his usual bonhomie, but flatly refused to delete Krupp's name from the list, for this was the errand on which the iron-master had come to Berlin. 'My father,' said Krupp, 'gloried in being the son of a workman, and never would as much as listen to a proposal to accept titular and hereditary distinction. I cannot be untrue to his principles, particularly when my year of mourning has not even expired.'

"This special plea—the plea of *Pietät*, of respectful memory—Bismarck thought might be urged without wounding the feelings of the young Emperor, who might otherwise think his kindly intentions slighted. 'Come to dinner to-night,' he said, 'and you shall hear the result. I am just on the point of driving out to Charlottenburg, and will do what I can." That night Herr Krupp was told that he was at liberty to remain Herr Krupp, and that the Kaiser sent him all good wishes. 'He looked surprised at first,' said Bismarck, 'almost vexed; then he seemed to see the situation in a new light, and nodded assent. At last he wrote on his note-block, "Krupp mag wohl Recht haben; ich wünsche ihm alles Gute,"' *i. e.*, 'I dare say Krupp is right; he has my best wishes.'"—*Westminster Gazette.*

Ignoramuses

Sensible people sometimes make very odd mistakes, which a little reflection would have enabled them to avoid, while people who are not sensible take very startling views of things generally. At the Centennial Exhibition two country girls stood before a copy of the Flemish artist Paul Potter's great masterpiece, and one of them read from her catalogue, "The Young Bull, after Potter."

"Yes," said the other, "there's the bull, but where's Potter?"

"Don't you see him," asked her companion, pointing to the figure of the herdsman, "behind the tree?"

Two others were admiring a statuette of Andromeda, which was labeled "executed in terra-cotta." "Where is Terra Cotta?" asked one of them, with probably some vague idea of Terra del Fuego.

"I'm sure I do not know," was the reply, "but I pity the poor girl, wherever it is."

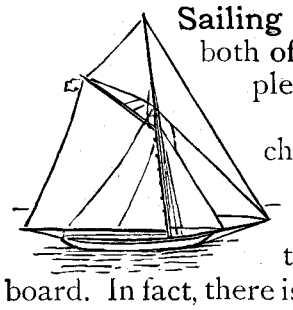
A man, after gazing at a photograph of the Three Graces, exclaimed: "What fools women are! Those girls have not got money enough to buy themselves clothes, yet they spend the little they have in having their photograph taken."

Two boatmen on the Ohio River were talking about the cold weather and of a certain severe winter. "It was just awful," said one of them. "At Cincinnati the river was froze tight, and the thermometer went down to twenty degrees below Cairo."

"Below which?" asked his puzzled companion.

"Below Cairo, you blubber-head! You see, when it freezes at Cairo it must be pretty cold—so they say so many degrees below Cairo."

But light was bursting in upon the other. "No, they do not!" he exclaimed, eagerly. "You've got it all wrong—its so many degrees below *Nero*. I do not know what it means, but that's what they say when it's dreadful cold."—*Harper's Young People.*



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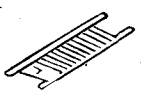

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Literary Style

Mr. R. L. Stevenson has been talking with a New Zealander on literature and the reading of young people who want to cultivate literary style. He commends all these young people to read aloud. "Too many of us," he said, "read by the eye, but the man who means to write must, whether he articulates or not, read everything by the ear. In short, as a musician reads score and can hear harmony, so the literary man, even when skimming with the eye, must be able to hear all the uttered words." Mr. Stevenson declared that he was a tremendous believer in the classics, and added: "I have the more cause to be so because, although I am in the position of Shakespeare—I have little Latin and less Greek—yet the benefit which I owe to my little Latin is inconceivable. It not only helps one to arrive at the value of words, but you must remember that we are only the decayed fragments of the Roman Empire, from which we have all that we value ourselves upon, and I always believe we can never be so well employed as in endeavoring to understand as well as we can the original meaning of that system of things in whose ruins we live. In the second place, the Latin language, of which I profess myself a devotee, is so extraordinarily different from our own, and is capable of suggesting such extraordinary and enchanting effects, that it gives a man spur and wings to his fancy."

It is worth while, perhaps, says the New York "Tribune," from which we take these extracts, to quote a few other sentences from this successful author's rambling advice to the budding New Zealand writer. "If a young man," he said, "wishes to learn to write English, he should read everything. I qualify that by excluding the whole of the present century in a body. People will read all that is worth reading out of that for their own fun. If they read the seventeenth century and the eighteenth century; if they read Shakespeare and Thomas Browne and Jeremy Taylor and Dryden's prose and Samuel Johnson—and, I suppose, Addison, though I never read him myself—and browse about in all the authors of those two centuries, they will get the finest course of literature there is. Those are the two extremes. What we have tried to do in this century is to find a middle road between the two extremes, mostly and usually by being more slovenly. I have only one feather in my cap," continued Mr. Stevenson, reflectively, after a slight pause, "and that is. I am not a sloven. I am in my dress," he continued, with a smile, glancing at his easy-fitting smoking jacket and slippers, "but that is another matter. I mean in my style, and too many of us are slovens just now.

"I should be frightened," Mr. Stevenson went on to say, "to tell any young man to read Carlyle. I was afraid to read him when I was young, because I felt he cast a sort of spell upon me that might be called possession, and I was afraid of becoming a mere echo. Your students should certainly read Ruskin—for choice I would have them read 'Arrows of the Chase.' I would have them read Scott—but I wish you could put down my expression when I say this; it would save a good deal of explanation. He was undoubtedly slovenly. He makes me long to box his ears—God bless him!—but to a luminous and striking degree he is free from the faults that many of us possess. I would also like them to read Hazlitt—there's a lot of style in Hazlitt. I would like them—it is curious how I come round to people who are not particularly stylists—I think it is very well worth while to read Napier. His 'History of the Peninsular War' seems to me a fine, solid piece of work. I suppose it might do them good to read Pater's 'Studies of the Renaissance.' It is an extreme of a kind, and had a huge influence on me when it was first published. I think it is always wholesome to read Leslie Stephen. I would recommend them to read George Saintsbury. These two last writers would give them short cuts, but they must read the books they read about."

It is possible that the idea of granting a pension for baldness originated in the Indian wars.—*Baltimore Sun.*

Tit for Tat

"What have we here?" asked the Czar, as his private chamberlain wheeled into the room a barrow-load of documents.

"Your Imperial Majesty," replied the chamberlain, "these are petitions from America protesting against the expulsion of the Jews from your dominions."

Indeed? Are they written on one side or on both?"

"On one side, sire."

"Good! We can utilize the other side by getting up Russian petitions against the deportation of the Chinese from America."—*Harper's Bazar.*

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Since the completion of *five* of the six sides of every room, hall, and closet consists of plaster, there is nothing in the economy of building upon which so much depends for neatness, elegance, and durability as perfect walls and ceilings. Yet, until the production of King's Windsor Asbestos Cement Dry Mortar (and that, too, at a price not exceeding the cost of fair common wall plaster), this feature in the art of building had not kept pace with other building improvements.

EXPLANATION RELATING TO OUR DRY MORTAR

Within the past three or four years we have made and sold about a million and a half barrels of our wall material known as KING'S WINDSOR ASBESTOS CEMENT, with which masons have mixed their *own* sand; but, finding that in some instances they have disregarded our directions as to the *amount* and *quality* of sand to be used with it, and not being thus able to guarantee results without having control of the *quantity* and *quality* of this essential ingredient, we have, therefore, recently established in connection with our Mills an extensive SAND PLANT, and now incorporate with our famous cement not only a *suitable quality* but *correct quantity* of the best selected, silicious, sharp bank sand, being itself first systematically treated—that is, thoroughly *screened*, *washed*, and *kiln-dried*—thus providing a *reliable* and *perfect* wall material, ready for use, except the addition of water by the plasterer—and this is our WINDSOR ASBESTOS CEMENT DRY MORTAR.

ASSURANCE OF PERFECT WALLS AND CEILINGS

By this method, together with accurately proportioning all the ingredients (by automatic weighing of the same), we are now fully enabled to control the *proportion*, *quantity*, and *quality*, and *homogeneous incorporation* of *all* the materials, and thereby to guarantee perfect Walls and Ceilings.

HOW COMMON PLASTER IS MADE

The Indispensable Requisites in the Production of Wall Plaster, of whatever nature, are: 1st, suitable *quality* and *preparation* of the materials, especially the *sand;* 2d, proper *proportions* of the ingredients; and 3d, thorough and homogeneous *mixing* of the same. Neither of these requisites are or can be strictly or approximately complied with in making wall plaster by the usual means. The sand is seldom well selected, is never treated (that is, properly screened, washed, and dried); the materials are proportioned by guess, without pretension to the least accuracy, and never but partially incorporated or mixed—to do either of which by *hand labor* would be too expensive, and absolutely impossible on or at the premises where the plaster is to be used. Nothing short of an extensive plant and steam power renders it possible to produce properly made Wall Plaster, and this is why we can produce a superbly superior material for even less than a poorer article.

RELATIVE COST OF OUR CEMENT AND COMMON PLASTER

Though our material is infinitely superior to any wall plaster made of lime, hair, and sand, or other ingredients, our method of production enables us to more than compete with the cost of a fair quality of common (or any other) wall plaster, as will appear. The materials and labor for lathing, cornices, center-pieces, and finishing coat, and the labor for applying the plaster that constitutes the scratch and brown coats of given thickness, will cost the same whatever be the kind of plaster used for the *scratch* and *brown* coats; therefore, the relative cost of our Windsor Cement Dry Mortar and Common Plaster is narrowed down to the *comparative cost of common plaster (for scratch and brown coats) stacked, wet up, and tempered, ready for the hod; and the cost of our Windsor Cement Dry Mortar, delivered, also ready to wet up.* For comparison we will take Col. Gilmore's Formula for common plaster, which is employed for Government work and cited in Form Books as *standard:* Lime, 4 casks, at $1.10; Hair, 4 bushels, at 25 cents; Sand, 7 loads, at 75 cents; labor for mixing, stacking, and tempering, $3.75—amounting to $14.15 for 100 square yards, or 14 15/100 cents per square yard. Our material delivered at the building, at our price, $6.70 per ton (after deducting rebate for bags returned), for 62½ sq. yds. is 10 72/100 cts. per sq. yd.—showing a difference in favor of our material of 3 43/100 cts. per sq. yd. This comparison refers to ¾-inch ground work on wood lath, and holds good on all other lathing, brick walls, etc.

ADVANTAGES IN FAVOR OF WINDSOR CEMENT DRY MORTAR OVER COMMON HAND-MADE PLASTER

Though so far superior to all other wall plasters, it costs no more than common plaster, and, therefore, can be universally afforded and for all classes of buildings. It is three times stronger—three times harder—free from acid or any other corrosive or otherwise injurious chemicals. The water with which it is wet up is largely taken up by the set, and does not, therefore, evaporate, and so *saturate* the wood-work of the structure. It adheres stronger to brick, all kinds of lath and other building materials—is more easily applied—saves time, as the carpenters can almost immediately follow the plasterers—is not injured by frost after it has once set. As it is wet-up *within* the structure, the plasterers are not delayed by storms or freezing temperature. It can be used and finished in any way that ordinary plaster can—registers, thimbles, etc., can be cut in without extended injury—nails can be driven into it without blemish. It relieves Architects and Owners of apprehension and anxiety attendant upon the uncertainty of securing good walls and ceilings by the use of hand-made and half-made lime-and-hair plaster. It is particularly adapted for setting tiles, slabs, floor brick, topping off chimneys, and the like—can be applied without special skill and by any plasterer. Walls and Ceilings made of our Cement are stronger, harder, tougher, more tenacious and elastic—will not pit, chip, crack, or fall off—are less porous and therefore less absorptive of water, moisture, and germs of disease, hence more wholesome and sanatory and less expensive to paint—are free from filthy tropical cattle hair, asbestos being used for fiber. They are fire, water, vermin, and germ proof—being harder, are not easily defaced—being smoother, are more agreeable to touch and vision—being water-proof, can be cleaned by washing—and they obviate heavy cost of repairs.

Because of the superior strength, adhesion, tenacity, and elasticity of our Windsor Cement, it is applicable to factories, printing-houses, etc., on which common plaster would not stand the jar.

Send for complete treatise on the subject of "NEEDED IMPROVEMENT IN PLASTER FOR WALLS AND CEILINGS."

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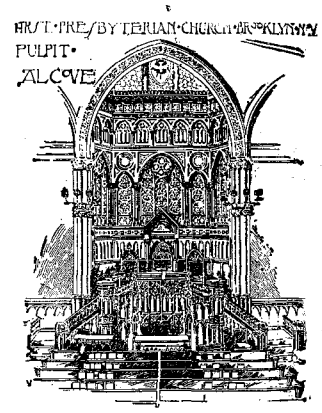

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